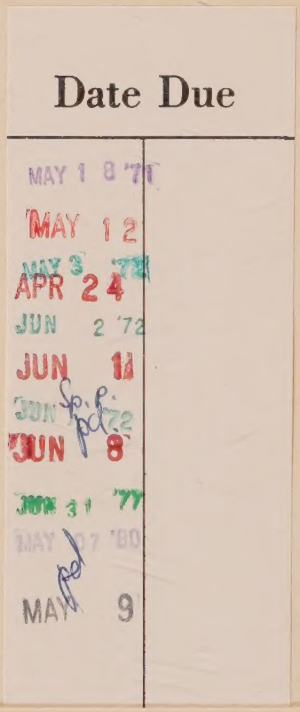
AN UNCENSORED DIARY *from the* CENTRAL EMPIRES

ERNESTA · DRINKER · BULLITT



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An uncensored diary from the central empires.

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AN UNCENSORED DIARY

FROM THE CENTRAL EMPIRES

BY

ERNESTA DRINKER BULLITT

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FOREWORD

The portion of my diary, which is published in this book, was written without thought of publication. Remembering how greatly the diary, which my great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Drinker kept during the Revolution, had interested her descendants, I recorded for my great-grandchildren my experiences last summer in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Belgium.

When publishers asked for the diary a century before I had expected, I did not attempt to polish loose-jointed English or to suppress any but personal incidents. The pages of the book stand as written within the lines of the Central Powers.

The character referred to as "Billy," throughout the diary, is my husband, William C. Bullitt.

ERNESTA DRINKER BULLITT.

Philadelphia, January 17, 1917.

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CHAPTER I

GERMANY

I

GERMANY

Copenhagen, May 14, 1916.

ONCE upon a time, a thousand years ago, before the war, one went abroad with no more preparation than a steamer ticket and an American Express check or two. Two days ago, we undertook to go from Holland to Denmark, via Germany. Before daring to approach Bentheim, the German frontier, we were equipped with passports, thrice viséd; a special letter of identification from the Department of State, birth certificates, letters to the frontier authorities from Count Bernstorff and the German Minister at The Hague, eighty-seven other letters of introduction, two letters of credit, and a Philadelphia police card.

We entered Germany at six in the afternoon laden with the milk of human kindness. We were broad-minded before we touched Germany. We—particularly Billy—were ready to understand Germany. Billy said he could see their point of view perfectly.

A young man got into the compartment. When we passed the first German mile-post, the young man opened conversation by explaining how much he hated America, because she was selling munitions to the Allies. He never smiled. Neither did any one else on the train. Nor did any one in the deserted Hamburg station; nor any one in the empty Atlantic Hotel. Billy, being of a chameleon-like nature, had become solemn. He did little things as if they were important, and he began to order me around and look as if he expected me to carry my own suit-case.

In the Atlantic Hotel we asked to have supper served in our room, and were told no food could be had. True, it was midnight, but this was Hamburg's greatest hotel. Once upon a time that was the hour for light and gaiety. I tried to look pathetic and rich. The waiter "fell," and brought us two blood oranges. We feared to go to sleep lest we talk indiscreetly. That a dictograph was hidden in the heater was a certainty, in Billy's mind.

Early the next morning we were awakened and descended to an empty breakfast room. A blond and brainless waiter, aged seventeen, asked for our order.

"Coffee, milk, oranges, bacon and scrambled eggs, chocolate, rolls, and butter," said Billy, confidently and glibly. The blond one retired to take counsel with a plainclothes man in a derby hat. Returning to us, he said:

"There are no more oranges, there is no milk, nor is there bacon; the chocolate is made with water and we do not have rolls. You can have eggs, but you cannot have them scrambled—to-day is the day when we boil eggs. Will you have four or six, sir?"

"Four," said Billy, humbly.

The youth darted away to have the order countersigned by the man in the derby hat, and witnessed by two under-secretaries. We waited. I looked out of the window into the courtyard. There were no plants in it, the flower beds were empty, and the fountains were dry. The rain knocked faintly on the window pane.

Our depleted order came, but without sugar for the coffee. The waiter looked distracted when we asked for it and managed, after ten minutes' parley with his superior officers, to get two lumps.

The taxi which took us to the station was another *memento mori.* It had evidently been rejected for military service because of lung trouble. As we

crept through the door of the station, we met two girls who were smiling—smiling! On the train we met only solemnity, and the whispered comment, "Americans." Billy was losing some of his broad-mindedness.

At Warnemünde we became "Number 36." At the upper end of a board shed we were left to shiver while the other passengers on the train, beginning with Number 1, disappeared through a sliding door. There were guards all about to keep one from walking anywhere one looked as if one wanted to go. Each time the door slid back we saw trunks, boxes, and passengers in various stages of disruption.

"Thirty-six," called the Sergeant at the door. We entered without fear, for our baggage was innocent as a nun, and the seals of the other frontier were unbroken upon its hinges.

A young man in field gray began the examination. He had been, before the war, a goatherd, I believe, or maybe a chimney sweep; but he had the mark of thoroughness upon him. I should like to make a law that no American customs' inspector be allowed to go to Germany in war time. It would teach him things about examining luggage he never ought to know. This soldier fell upon our trunks—he made no dis-

tinction between the soiled clothes bag and my white satin dress. As he went, he gathered speed. He whipped my blouses inside out, explored the feet of stockings, captured a piece of soap, delved between the bristles of a toothbrush, thumped the sides of my trunk, bent up my shoes and threw them upon my evening dresses, then fetched up on my underclothes. A pink silk garment was held up and shaken. The officer in charge cried out "combination," smiled affectionately at me, and came to superintend our unpacking. Billy presented our letters to the civil and military authorities from the German Ambassador and the Minister in Holland. The officer pocketed them.

"These are to the civil and military authorities. I am a military authority, therefore I shall keep the letters—they are to me," said he.

"Don't you think that is a trifle idiotic?" asked Billy.

Visions of a firing-squad floated across the bare wall. But the officer merely turned upon his heel, while Billy remarked to me that junkers always thumbed their noses at reason.

Then began a period of confiscation. Books, writing paper, visiting cards, pencils fell under the embargo. Billy bore these losses with fortitude, but

when his eleven tubes of hair tonic were placed among the other things, his manhood was undone, and they led him away bleating helplessly to be stripped. I was put in the charge of a female in a red flannel blouse, who looked at the soles of my feet, felt in my hair, pried open the back of my watch, evacuated the inside of my hat, plumbed the depths of my fountain pen, examined my clothes, and then succumbed to the mysteries of my letter of credit.

I reached the outside world first. Billy was still in the hands of his explorer. I wondered if they were washing his back with acid for traces of secret writing. The boat whistle blew and still Billy did not come. Every one was on board when he came running down the wharf, his necktie flying, his shoe-laces undone.

An aged ticket-taker stood on the ferry-boat at the end of the gang-plank.

"Are you a German or a Dane?" I demanded.

"A Dane," replied the aged man.

"Thank God!" cried I.

May 23d.

Denmark is hospitable, inexpensive, and friendly. We have seen the Egans frequently. They have been more than kind. Mr. Egan has been in Denmark

eleven years—a longer period than any other diplomat in our service to-day has held a post. By common consent, he is the most popular diplomat in Denmark. The other Ministers keep dashing in and out, getting advice from Mr. Egan. He is one of the few diplomats we have who really fits his post.

We have gathered, in the course of many conversations here, some interesting facts, one really important one: the proposed purchase of the Danish West Indies by the United States, which may go through in a short while now. Denmark is called "the whispering gallery of Europe," and there is a good deal of information to be picked up there. I say "we" gathered some facts, but I had nothing to do with it. Billy had a few pearls bestowed upon him, which he promptly transferred to me. I find diplomats are not given to putting their trust in women. Billy is, fortunately, a newspaper man, and not a diplomat. I can imagine nothing worse than being married to a man who only tells you the things which he thinks he safely may, or the things he would tell anyone—which amounts to the same thing.

Among the other qualities of a perfect diplomat which Mr. and Mrs. Egan possess, they have that of never making a "break." Therefore, they gave us

(principally me) what we needed—advice as to caution in speech, behaviour, facial expression, and etiquette, also warning us against writing anything down on paper. It's going to be hard on me. I never was born to be indefinite I am practising conversing diplomatically.

"Mrs. Bullitt, Verdun has been taken and Paris is about to surrender."

"Really? How curious. Battles are so interesting, aren't they?"

"Mrs. Bullitt, if it were not for American ammunition, the war would have ended in six months."

"Yes, battles *are* dangerous, aren't they?" Whereas, I *might* mention our Spanish war and certain famous German munition factories. So, the crest of idiotic amiability being reached, we move on to the weather.

We oughtn't to stay here any longer, but we can't get up the courage to attack the frontier again, and every one tells us we won't get anything to eat in Germany—a fact substantiated by our own twenty hours' experience. Besides this, we're enjoying ourselves, which is a perfectly good reason for staying anywhere.

Count Szechenyi, the Austro-Hungarian Min-

ister, thinks it would be a good plan for us to go to Vienna and Pest, as so little has been seen of them during the war. He has very kindly written to people there that we are coming. I played tennis with him this afternoon at the club, he in his suspenders and monocle, and I in street clothes, with a pair of borrowed tennis shoes two inches too long on my feet, and a racket like a spoon, as a means of defence, in my hand. We have lived here so much as we live at home that I shan't write any more of Denmark.

We dined at the Egans' last night. Mrs. Egan is famous for her dinners, and Mr. E's wine is supposed to be very fine, though I couldn't tell old Port from beer.

Hotel Esplanade, Berlin, May 29th.

Act of Caution No. 1:

I left what diary I had written in Denmark, where I'm sure of its neutrality not being violated.

Evidently when we crossed the frontier before, they left undone a good many things which they might have done, but they weren't guilty of slouching on the job this time, and I'll bear testimony to it at the Golden Gate. They kept our passports as souvenirs. It was as much as I could do to keep Billy from going to our Embassy at half-past eleven at night,

when we got to Berlin. I must say I should have liked to wrap up in the American flag and sleep on Mr. Gerard's doorstep myself. The inspection this time was really too disgusting to repeat. I decided that, if I ever again heard any one say: "It's our orders," I should kill him. Orders apparently mean: Be as nasty to the man who can't hit you back as your imagination will allow. An inspection at the frontier in war time is quite just—all one asks is to be treated with courtesy. Did we love the German military after this, and where is Billy's reasonableness now?

We lunched at the Embassy the day after we got here. Mrs. Gerard is charming and Mr. Gerard one of the most amusing men I ever met. Brusque, frank, quick-witted, a typically judicial mind, and a typically undiplomatic manner, he is the last person in the world whom a German would understand. His dry, slangy American humour, his sudden lapses into the comic in moments of solemnity, his irreverence for the great, shock the worthy German. That he treats the Emperor in any other way than as a business acquaintance is most unlikely.

What the Gerards, or the other members of the Embassy, do goes over Berlin in ten minutes. Packing has been their favourite indoor sport all winter.

If, wishing to be prepared against a rainy day, they hastily stow away a few articles of value and convenience in a trunk, preparatory to making a hurried journey—as they imagine often they will do—the fact is known by every one in the city in half an hour.

The Embassy is filled with Harvard secretaries, whose lips, as Mr. Egan says, are still wet with the milk of Groton. The ballroom is bulging with stenographers. Never did the world see its few remaining diplomats so overworked. Instead of coming down and reading the papers for two hours a day, they now all work mornings, afternoons, and sometimes evenings.

June 2d.

We have been here a week. We have given up the romantic idea of starving, and are managing to exist on four-course meals. Billy says he's not going to be the first to complain of the high price of caviar and *pâté de foie gras.* This deprivation, and the removal of the English word "lift" from the elevator door, are the most striking signs of the war we have seen, so far. One does have to have bread cards and there's scarcely any butter, and next week we shall

get egg and meat cards, but as these are handed to one by the early morning waiter, it's not an inconvenience.

Helfferich and Batocki have taken over the food supply so I don't suppose any more swine slaughterings à la Delbrück will go on. After all, a blockaded nation can't afford again to kill 350,000 pigs at once, because they've underrated the potato supply and think the pigs will eat up what's left.

I had eggs and a glass of milk to-day, neither of which they say can be bought. Really, to the uninitiated, it looks as if Berlin could go on indefinitely with England's fleet strung around her neck—but the eye of the paying guest is deceived. The bread, butter, and meat lines are long. Women stand hours to get their weekly allowance of a walnut size of butter for each one in their family; children are happy, but thrive not, on jam and artificial honey. Many women wash their clothes but once in two weeks because, they say, it saves soap to do more at one time. You feel you're asking a great favour if you borrow the soap in a friend's house to wash your hands.

I dropped in for supper, unexpectedly, the other night at a friend's flat; they said they had all they

could get to eat that day without paying half their yearly income for it. The fare was some large white balls which tasted like boiled dough, some little stewed prunes, and fried potatoes as a luxury. They scared me when they said the dough balls were a favourite German dish. You feel like saying: "I'll come to dinner if you'll first tell me what I'll have to eat. If my food's worse than yours, you win!" Housekeepers are only allowed half a pound of meat per person a week, and cream may be got by a doctor's prescription only. Coffee is half something else, and tea is dried strawberry leaves. "Did you ever imagine," they ask one, "that they would make so good a drink?"

When I came over here, I decided that, by way of keeping myself occupied, I would look about to see what the women in Germany were doing during the war. I started with the refugees' department of the Red Cross. Having talked with a number of refugees from France, the result is that my illusions as to French chivalry have had a sad blow. The stories they have told me of their personal experiences I see no reason to doubt. One girl was governess in a French family. The war broke out and orders to intern all Germans were issued. At ten

A. M. the girl was put in a cattle car labelled: "*6 chevaux ou 36 personnes.*" It is on such freight cars as this that detachments of the French army are conveyed toward the front. There were in the car fifty-six people, counting little children. Thirteen hours later they arrived at their station. During this time they had been given neither water nor food. On leaving the car, they had an hour's walk to the concentration camp. Many were by this time in a sad state of hunger and fatigue. For beds they were given straw to lie upon. It rained and they became wet. The sanitary appliances were unspeakable. In the morning they were given a small pitcher of water for washing. My friend begged for a larger bowl, which was brought her. Shortly after, she saw it being used for cooking and she did not know whether to give up washing, or eating, in the future. At eleven o'clock, they were given some unappetizing soup, which was the first food they had had in twenty-five hours.

Mme. Kahres, another acquaintance of mine, is a German woman who lived in France twenty years. She loved the country dearly and speaks French like a native. When war broke out, she said she would stay and continue her work among the poor. She

said that she, and the other German women, were addressed in the streets as *Grosse espéce de cochon prussienne*, and other less complimentary epithets. One man, who was ordered to take her passport picture, shook his fist in her face, called her a Prussian pig, and said that the sooner all of her filthy brood were dead, the better. She is the gentlest soul imaginable and had said nothing to occasion this outburst. The poor woman left the sputtering photographer, her knees shaking with rage and a pathetic helplessness. Her account of the concentration camp to which she was sent was no more pleasing, nor indicative of gallantry or politeness, than many others.

"As to the lack of food in the camps, the overcrowding, and absence of bedding," she said, "I can only excuse the French by saying they lost their heads. For the rest, their treatment of us cannot be excused." She was greatly surprised that in America we had escaped hearing these stories of the French concentration camps. The women and children were kept in them for three months and then sent back to Germany. Neither the English nor the Germans and Austro-Hungarians interned women and children.

We lunched at the —— Legation on Tuesday.

Countess —— is nice, but a little impressive. I'd forgive that if she didn't speak English with an accent and call a dinner jacket a "smoking" (pronouncing it *smocking*). American women are too adaptable. So many of them who live abroad, or marry foreigners, become so like the women of the country in which they live that one scarcely knows they are American. An exception is old Mme. de Hagerman-Lindencrone, of "The Courts of Memory" fame, who is as American as on the day the good Lord made her, in spite of a lifetime spent in the company of emperors, queens, and princes of the blood. I told Baron Roeder that I delighted in Mme. de Hagerman's frank remarks about every one. He said she was certainly delightful but that she wasn't his notion of "frank," as she'd never in her life been known to say anything that got her into trouble.

The papers have come, announcing a great German sea victory. They say the English have lost a tonnage of 132,400 and the Germans 28,000 tons. Berlin takes it calmly, few flags are out and there is no public rejoicing. Perhaps a few more people smile. This city is the gloomiest place I ever expect to have the misfortune of seeing. Billy says the atmosphere is like a mercury bath.

June 3d.

To-day, the flags are all out for the naval victory, even the trams and buses are decorated. The Germans didn't wish to celebrate until they were quite sure. They've made one or two mistakes, so they were cautious this time. The school-children take a real interest in German victories. They get a holiday on the strength of one, and they measure the victory only by the length of their holiday. The joy is slightly adulterated by having to go to school first and listen to a careful explanation of what they are about to celebrate. Their fondness for Hindenburg is quite immoderate. In the eyes of German children, a campaign against the Russians is a most praiseworthy undertaking.

The great wooden statue of Hindenburg, encased in geranium plants and scaffolding, had many nails driven into it to-day. The statue is an unsightly thing, but it seems to appeal to the Berliners to buy a nail for the benefit of the Red Cross, climb the scaffolding, and hammer it in.

This morning I went to the Central Labour Exchange. Fräulein Dr. Klausner is head of the women's department, and as there is now scarcely

any men's department, she is practically running the whole thing. Dr. Klausner was villainously dressed. She wore her hair short, and acted with an energy I have rarely seen, but spoke with an intelligence which made me feel as if I'd better go back and begin with kindergarten again. In the Labour Exchange there is a big room divided into three sections: for skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers. Before the war they averaged 200 applications a day in the women's department, and these women were given jobs in Berlin. In the first months of the war, from 3,000 to 10,000 women came every day, demanding jobs anywhere in Germany. In August, they were sent out on agricultural work, and the first of September they were called to the munition factories and to making army equipment and preparing food for the armies. Two or three hundred were sent out of Berlin daily. Many thousand women had been thrown out of work by the closing of the luxury factories in the first days of the war. It is impossible to tell how many more women are working now than before the war, as there are no statistics yet, and many women are not registered who are now attending to their husbands' businesses. The Berlin Labour Exchange fills from three to five hundred places a day, and has de-

mands exceeding that by from one thousand to four thousand.

At first, Berlin sent to the provinces only those women whose children could be taken care of by relatives. Later, wages became high enough to enable women with one or two children to take them with them. The munition factories pay the highest wages. The average wage for these women now is about eight marks a day. In Germany, as in the other warring countries, there is little the women are not doing. Sturdy peasant girls pave the streets, dig ditches, lay pipes. Women drive the mail wagons and delivery wagons, deliver the post, work in open mines, work electric walking cranes in iron foundries, sell tickets and take tickets in railway stations, act as conductors in the subway—in fact, they do everything, from running their husbands' businesses and a large family to running a tramcar.

Every sort of a job is to be obtained at the Labour Exchanges, all that I have mentioned as well as places for servants, governesses, shop-girls, hotel and restaurant servants. A record is kept of each person. Germans have a genius for card catalogues and records; they know where their applicants go, what they do, how they behave, etc. Since the war, the

Berlin Exchange has been running workshops, which I shall see another day. As the Exchanges know where in Germany labour is scarce and where plentiful, they keep the pressure equalized.

We went to the theatre last night with Lithgow Osborne. Theatres and operas have been running full blast since the war. What we saw was an exquisite pantomime. Afterward we went to Richard's for supper. I was introduced to the famous German drink of the café-goer, champagne, with a peach in the bottom of the glass. Peaches cost only about a million dollars an ounce here, but still . . . After a while, we heard an angry bellowing from a German in the next room to us. Evidently the man had a grievance of a trying nature, for he continued to roar while waiters ran in and out. From the din we gathered that he had kissed a lady with whom he had been supping, and the fair one was then promptly put out of the restaurant. With that, the man stamped up and down and declared loudly that it was an accident which might have happened to any gentleman. And they say these are emancipated days for the German woman!

Lunched with the Jacksons. Mr. Jackson was Secretary of the Embassy here for years. He is pro-

German and is very popular in the country. The Germans trust him, Baron von Mumm told me. Baron and Baroness Roeder were there and Countess Götzen. I asked Baron Roeder what he did and he said he was Master of Ceremonies at Court, and official introducer, and a lot of other things. He is about seventy-five, but he says he is going to the front if the war keeps up much longer. Already he has offered himself three times. His chief irritation against England is being cut off from his London tailor. Every German I meet out of uniform tells the same sad tale. The old gentleman said he thought the naval victory was due principally to Zeppelins. The Blüchers joined us for coffee. Count Blücher looks like the pictures of his famous grandparent. Princess —— said that his father is a dreadful old gentleman, fights with everyone, his son included, all the time. As the old Prince is eighty-five, the relations had better run around and turn the other cheek before it's too late.

June 4th.

The English papers arrived in Germany to-day and announce that the German victory was scarcely a victory at all, and the *Post* even had the audacity to

call it an English victory. Both sides declare loudly that they were greatly outnumbered, each one insisting that the whole enemy fleet was engaged. Now, no one supposes, even in Germany, that the British blockade is broken, nor the fleet really weakened, but the Germans obviously, unless they are the most unconscionable liars, have sunk a far greater tonnage than the English. Also I have heard, from diplomats here, that the English Government is furious with Admiral Beatty for engaging such a superior force without waiting for reinforcements. The Germans want to know, if it is an English victory, why the Germans were the last on the spot and picked up the English sailors.

We motored out to the military hospital at Buch with Dr. Rödiger and a boor of a magistrate. There are 2,000 soldiers there now, and the place is beautifully equipped and runs as smoothly as a giant engine. I was particularly interested in the baths, where men who are paralyzed from spinal wounds are kept submerged night and day up to their chins. One man whom I saw walking around had been in a bath nine months. It might look like any hospital were it not for the exercising rooms with their intricate machines, where stiffened and wounded muscles are patiently

exercised and brought back to life. There are workshops where men are taught new trades, if their injuries are such as to prevent their continuing their old ones.

We saw the place from garret to cellar. If they start to take you over a building in this country, they don't do it casually. Theatre, kitchens, wards, operating rooms, with a dissertation on each. The band was playing "Un peu d'amour." Every German band plays "Un peu d'amour"—it's dreadful.

After lunching with the doctors, we saw the Old People's Home, took a look from behind the fence at the insane asylum—a most beautiful set of buildings —and looked over the central heating, washing, and baking plants for the whole settlement—hospital, home, and asylum. How strong was the contrast between this old people's home and some of the almshouses I have seen in America. Here in the country outside Berlin were 1,100 aged Germans living in handsome modern buildings, surrounded by gardens and lawns. The horror of going to the almshouse is gone, in this country. The inmates live in the homes free and have their old-age pensions as spending money. Berlin takes care of 8,000 old people in this way.

Billy says the Germans are the most moral people in the world when it comes to dealing with Germans, and the most immoral in their dealings with the rest of the world. It's quite true. A German would weep with pain if he saw our almshouses or our slums, or realized that we didn't have federal workmen's compensation—and didn't carry out the law when we do have it in a State—or that we don't always protect machinery for the workers. They hold the point of view, which religious sects are growing out of: Anything that added to the glory of God used to be right—what adds to the glory of Germany is right.

However—back to our inspection of intensified civilization. I no longer retained the use of my legs, but the men still had strength for a large municipal garden. I sat under a tree and ate cherries. The garden was worked by Russian prisoners. They seem to make clever and willing farmers. Someone told me orders were out to capture several thousand more Russians, as they want them for planting and the harvest. Frenchmen won't work. They get too homesick. Apparently the Russians make successful garbage men, as one sees no others in Berlin. They go without a guard.

We staggered in to Countess ——'s to tea late in

the afternoon. She told me how she brought up Hilda, her daughter. Hilda is a little matter of six feet high. Everyone is afraid of her, and her mama won't let her go up in the hotel lift alone for fear something will happen to her. As her last offence was to refuse to let the Kaiser kiss her—he being her godfather and claiming parental privileges —it would seem she could take care of herself.

June 6th.

The Roeders for tea. Old Baron R. talked politics to us.

"The Kaiser didn't want the war," he said. "He doesn't belong to the Junker party and he doesn't want annexation, nor does he believe in the Tirpitz policy. He belongs to the Liberals and is strongly supported by the Socialists owing to his democratic tendencies. The Ministry and the Chancellor cannot be overthrown unless the Kaiser wishes it. Many Germans tell us that the Chancellor will resign if the Emperor is persuaded to adopt unrestricted U-boat warfare again—that is the "sink without warning" policy. Baron Roeder says that Bethmann-Hollweg will not resign because, no matter what any one says or thinks, as a matter of

fact the Chancellor is responsible to the Emperor alone and not to the people, and until the Emperor tires of him he will stay in office.

"If he should die," continued Baron Roeder, "and the conservative Crown Prince were to come into power and appoint a Junker chancellor and ministry, it would mean the ruin of Germany and the pursuit of a reckless policy of annexation, which would only bring the country into another war. The Kaiser, and the greater part of intelligent Germany, do not wish to keep Belgium and northern France. They want only two or three miles in the Vosges hills so that, if war comes again, our armies will not have to fight their way uphill. They will not give back Alsace-Lorraine. For Poland and Finland, they wish autonomy under a German or an Austrian prince, while the Kurland they would annex to Germany. Of course Germany wants her colonies back. What she wants in Mesopotamia is hard to say as yet but, if the Allies take a share, Germany wishes her portion."

We said the Germans had told us: "Poland to the vanquished. Poland would be such a trouble to any one that she should be given away as a punishment to the country acquiring her."

"True enough," said Roeder. "She would always

side with the country who didn't own her. The most foolish thing I have ever known is this war!" The old gentleman waved his hands. "Everyone is being ruined."

"Why doesn't the Government make known its plan of evacuating Belgium then?" we asked.

"I have urged it," he answered, "but the military party won't allow it. They say we must hold it as hostage for our colonies, and also they say the Allies would use all the troops they are putting against us there, in Belgium, for something else more dangerous to us if they knew we were going to get out anyway."

To crush Germany, to beat her to her knees, or to starve her out, seems to me impossible. She gives one the impression of amazing strength. Although I feel that efficiency is the one crime worse than the seven deadly sins put together, and the only thing no one should ever be forgiven for, I realize that it is a terrible weapon. It isn't "in" any other country to fight a war the way the Germans are doing it. Food is going to be low and everyone is going to feel it, but they are not going to get to the starvation point, they are too careful to allow it. Imagine people in New York paying any attention if they were ordered

not to serve milk before eleven o'clock on three days in the week, or if they were told not to cook with fat, even if they had it, on two days in the week! They would get up particularly early in order to be able to do both.

It's foolish to talk of ruining Germany. She is too valuable to be ruined. And Germany doesn't want to rule the world. She's nothing compared to England when it comes to that. Bernhardi frightened everyone outside Germany. The Germans haven't read his book. It is unfortunate for Germany that she started her colonial policy when it had been out of fashion for a year or two—everyone else having got what they wanted most—but it's rather natural, and not a new idea for her to want colonies.

I wish I knew how this war started—just now, I believe that Germany was in the grip of a false nightmare. She believed the world was against her and about to pounce upon her neck. Therefore she armed and prepared herself to such an extent as no one had ever seen. Possessed of this conviction, she jumped first into this war, whipped into still more violent action by the Russians mobilizing on her frontier. If one knew whether Germany knew

beforehand of the Austrian note to Serbia one would know better just how deliberately Germany went into this. If there had been one powerful, far-seeing man in any of the countries, the war would not have happened. But there is no use going over the diplomatic correspondence here.

June 7th.

We went to a secessionist exhibition to-day. There were few pictures. The one blessing of this war is that it has reduced the number of futurist paintings. In another larger and saner exhibition, we were surprised to find such a small number of war pictures. They have painted everything but war, and there is little horror here, and no sentimentality. There was one picture of the fall of Maubeuge which Billy insisted he was going to buy. It was at least twelve by fifteen feet and I had the most dreadful time persuading him that proud Frenchmen in red trousers and relentless, strong-looking Germans wouldn't do in full size in a private house.

Tea with an artist from Munich, and some others. Major Herewarth-Bittenfeld, former Military Attaché in Washington, was talking to me about the Panama Canal.

"It's of no use to you strategically. You don't own the land up to it. Imagine our holding the Kiel Canal without Schleswig-Holstein! It's as if you were writing a book and began at the end. Watch out someone does not write the beginning for you!"

Apparently the Germans would be quite willing for us to take Mexico. It sounds to them so logical.

We heard to-day the A. B. C. countries sent a note to Germany, saying they would seize German ships in their ports if America and Germany went to war. I believe Brazil would do it. The Germans spend a lot of money every year on German schools in Brazil, but they don't seem to gain much of a footing there.

June 8th.

Lord Kitchener and his staff have gone down on the cruiser *Hampshire*. They do not report how it was sunk. General Ellershaw was drowned with him. The English papers have not come yet, so we don't know how they are taking this blow across the Channel. The papers are always five or six days late and it is hard to get them. They are to be found only in the large hotels and a few other places.

I met Countess Blücher talking to that mad Irish-

American, John Gaffney. He was removed from his consulship at Munich for being un-neutral, so now he is in a white rage at the President. He says he is the only American who has been fair to the Germans and that he never was un-neutral. Both Countess Blücher and Gaffney were in a great state of mind over Casement. Gaffney says he is a hero who sacrificed himself for his country, and Countess Blücher that he is a lifelong friend and therefore must be got off from hanging, whatever he has done. She has written a letter to England, saying Casement is mad, in hope that it may help to save him.

"I don't fancy he will like that—coming from me," she said, "but it was the only thing I could think of doing."

I asked Count Blücher when he thought the war would end, and he said: "When Russia is spent." I said that sounded rather pessimistic.

"No," he said. "I think we can wear her out and then get a port on the Baltic."

Personally, I can't quite see any one exhausting Russia yet awhile.

I asked him why they didn't stop pounding Verdun and go after Riga, but he didn't know the answer. All Germany professes the greatest admira-

tion for France and says what a tragedy it is that she is now dead and gone and useless. They might take Verdun before they count France out.

Dined last night with Countess Götzen. I sat between a Spaniard and Prince Christian of Hesse. The Spaniard was a detestable little thing, and Prince Christian had tonsilitis and thought he was going to die, so I didn't get much entertainment out of him, either. Later on we changed seats and I drew a fat and pleasant Bavarian, who had known my aunt in America. I asked him what his name was and he said they called him "Booby." I said I might get to that in time but I had to have something else to tide me over. After a few Christian names, I ran him down to his visiting card and Baron von Papius.

Billy is reading finance reports. The Reichsbank has not nearly run over the gold reserve yet. But it issues notes on baby carriages, false teeth, and hair. The bank must be doing the ash-man out of business.

Went to the refugee department of the Red Cross. Frau Kahres took me about. The refugees here now are principally from Russia and France, some from England. The great number of East Prussians that fled before the Russian invasion have gone back

to their homes. The tales they told of Russian cruelty were not to be equalled by the Inquisition. Sisters meet the fugitives at the stations and tell them where they can get lodgings. There has been the greatest difficulty in finding places for the thousands of homeless, penniless fugitives to live in. At the Criminal Courts Building have been housed and fed several thousands at the price of one mark a day. The courtrooms are turned into dormitories, and small rooms given to families. Prison cots are used and the place is bare but it is at least a shelter. The more well-to-do are directed to other places. One woman took expensive rooms at a large hotel. She dined to the tune of forty marks a meal and bought rich furs. On former visits she had always paid her bills, so the stores and hotel gave her credit. The bill this time she brought to the Red Cross. Frau Kahres questioned her in heated tones. She said she had been the mistress of an English duke for twenty years and could not live as the Red Cross directed! She would die in a quiet and nice home! She must have light and life! *Mein Gott!* What did they expect of her? Wasn't the life of a refugee hard enough as it was?

All refugees report to this department. They

give their histories, and work is found for them. If they are ill, the doctor examines them. Old people and sick people are often sent to the mountains, where the department keeps two small hotels and lodging rooms. The women knit and sew here and the men work at boot-making and the like.

In the refugee building in Berlin is a much overworked dentist. There has been a terrible run on false teeth; everyone wants them for nothing when they have the chance. The dentist now has instructions to supply only the ones needed.

"I tell the people," said Frau Kahres, "that I want new ones myself, but I do not get them now in war time." Maybe the refugees have heard of the bank notes issued on this article.

The Chancellor has left off fighting the Conservatives about annexation, and Batocki talks about food. He urges the people not to expect too much. I don't imagine they do, as I saw meat lines on every block in the north of Berlin this morning, and a policeman for each meat shop. The women looked patient enough.

Had tea with Countess Sehr-Thoss, an American. She is charming. When I admired an old painting on her drawing-room wall, she said: "Yes. I bought

that with 2,000 marks sent me by my old uncle to buy eggs. He wrote he heard in America we were paying five dollars apiece for eggs and thought I might not be able to afford them!"

The Duchess of Croy came bounding in, looking most exuberant and American. I liked her, she is so unaffected.

Count Rödern, Secretary of the Treasury, says England is spending $20,000,000 a day; France, $12,000,000; and Germany $14,000,000 on the war.

The Germans admit, in what Billy calls "a piece of reptile press," the loss of two more ships, dreadnoughts. This brings their losses up to 60,000 tons.

June 9th.

Went this morning to a *Jugendheim* in Charlottenburg. Charlottenburg is even more model and progressive and socially reformed than the rest of Berlin, so I spent an hour, under the tutelage of Frau Keller, in being impressed with it. This *Jugendheim* is a combination nursery, kindergarten, school, and training school for household servants, baby-nurses, and kindergarten teachers. Working mothers bring their children here at eight in the morning and fetch them away at six in the evening. The

babies are bathed and dressed in clean clothes, and are napped and fed and doctored. Learning is made so pleasant that the children attack anything from walking to geography with equal zest. In one room, a number of pink-clad infants were having a riotously good time rolling about the floor. As soon as the children are old enough, they are taught to use their hands at some game. They sit on little painted chairs at a low table and play with coloured paper and crayons. At the proper hour they are fed with milk or soup, at another hour they go into a garden to play, then they come back and take a nap on a rope mat swung in the air. The children are divided into small groups, each with a teacher and a separate room, the object being to give them individual attention and not bring them all up alike. Still older children, besides having regular lessons, work at making baskets, building and furnishing little houses, using the wood of cigar boxes. Anything to make them use their hands well. I should have liked to play a long time with the children, but my guide understood I came there to inspect, so she saw that I did it.

A record of each child is kept and visits paid in the homes by the teachers. They find out whether the

children shall be allowed to come to school and whether the family is able to pay. The girls who are learning to teach children, after the manner of this school, all pay—they being of a more well-to-do class. Many of them live in the building as in a sort of boarding school and the prices are low. One pays for the year's board and lodging from 1,000 to 1,800 marks. Downstairs is a central cooking station, where lunch is prepared and sent out to 2,000 children in Charlottenburg. Luncheon is always in the form of soup, different each day, and particularly different in that it's made from a doctor's prescription instead of a cook-book. There is no doubt about these children getting the proper number of calories per spoonful! This school is run by private funds, with a small municipal subsidy, and is the largest of eighteen in Charlottenburg.

Many children are sent to the country in the summer by the municipality. Those wishing to go must first be examined by a doctor and only the ones are chosen who seem run down and to need a change. This year they expected the percentage to be much higher than usual, but Frau Rathenau, of the Nationaler Frauendienst, told me they were greatly astonished to find it practically the same. This does not look

as if the children of Berlin were starving. Many more children are sent out, however, for the authorities wish them to have the food which is more easily obtained in the country. Even the peasants in Germany seem to wish to do their part to help in the war. They have offered to take children into their homes, girls in particular, as they say boys are a nuisance. Letters are sent home by the youngsters full of excitement over eggs and butter and milk. Between the State and the City, a soldier's wife gets $14 a month for each child. When peasants take a child to live with them, the peasant and not the mother gets the money. It is an astonishing race. I cannot help but admire.

June 10th.

Went last night to Wansee to dine with the Hahns, catching the train in our customary manner as it moved out of the station. Hahn is about twenty-six years old, large and preoccupied, with the weight and fate of nations upon his heavy shoulders. His mouth is large and his brown eyes ringed with black. The back of his head is flat and Prussian, and his intensity shows in his voice and excitable hands. Hahn's mother is Polish, hand-

some, emotional, and friendly. She walked arm in arm with me around her garden and told me of her two sons in the war. Neither of them is an officer, as the family is Jewish and they won't give Jews commissions. The youngest boy went out at seventeen, when the war began, and tears came into Frau Hahn's eyes when she said she had no word from him for a week.

Just then the maid brought two letters. "Oh, you have brought me luck!" she cried. "From both my boys!" and she kissed the envelopes.

The eldest son, our friend, is working on his own hook at anything he can do to help secure peace. They say he has influence. Hahn believes peace could have been made a year ago and thinks it only madness not to speak out frankly now. Bethmann-Hollweg, he says, is a brilliant man but, believing himself only a representative of the people, follows, instead of leading, public opinion. Hahn is liberal indeed. He wishes to see his countrymen out of Belgium and northern France with all possible speed. He wishes Germany had never taken Alsace-Lorraine, but now that they have, says for psychological reasons, they cannot be given up. (Of course coal mines may be psychological, but it's a new name

for them.) He would give back the northern part of Schleswig-Holstein, where some 100,000 Danes are living. He would have the Finns and Poles, and perhaps the White Russians, autonomous, each nationality under its own prince. He wishes an alliance between America, Germany, England, and France in order that Russia may be kept from squeezing the life out of all of them at some future date.

"If Russia could be broken up into smaller states, the world would be safe," said he.

A doctor and several musicians are the only Germans I have seen who wish to carry ruthlessness to the bitter end, and the Hahns are the other extreme. They would divide up the world, most of Germany included, and hand autonomy around on a platter. Hahn took a sick Englishman out of prison camp and kept him for six months in his house.

The real flaw in the minds of all Germans to whom we have talked is the fact that none of them believe that any nation can be depended on to keep its word, and not to break a treaty. They simply do not expect it—for which of course they have more than one reason.

We went sailing after dinner. I really admire the Germans now for the clever way in which they reef

a sail, simply by working a little crank at the jaws of the boom and winding the canvas around the boom. The jib reefs the same way. It only takes a second and one does not have to take in the sail. I must rig my boat this way; it would add at least ten years to my life, as I get caught in a hurricane about three times a week all summer and break my fingers to bits tying nettles.

Saw Fräulein Marelle and Fräulein Schulhoff, of the Lyceum Club, this morning. They were telling us stories of the invasion of East Prussia. Fräulein Marelle's first cousin owns large estates there and has kept her supplied with news. By a miracle, his castle and land were left untouched. He says he cannot understand it. He stayed there himself and was ready to defend his place against the whole Russian army. They destroyed everything up to his territory, and then stopped.

One lady, whom Fräulein Marelle knows, a Frau von Bieberstein, had her *château* cut to ribbons. Her tapestry chairs were sliced up with knives, her china and mirrors broken, her beautiful chapel knocked to pieces, her beds ripped up and the feathers scattered from garret to cellar. It was rather queer to hear this tale from a German woman after Mme. Huard's

tale of the wreck of her *château* in northern France by the Germans.

They told me, too, of a nurse, a friend of theirs, who had gone to Russia. There she found, among other things, a carload of children, eighty in number, all dead of starvation. The Russians had put them in the car, sidetracked it, and forgotten it. Some other cars were found containing 200 people, all dead but one child in its mother's arms. The nurse saw the Czarina and told her of these, and many other things, and she said the Empress burst into tears. Well she might!

The Germans are told that if the Russians get into East Prussia again, they are to send the women away immediately—those who stay are all outraged.

This same cousin writes Fräulein Marelle that the German army is planting grain right up to the firing line.

The Germans have a novel and highly effective way of restoring their destroyed property in East Prussia. The Russians did not leave one stone upon another, where they found several together, and I imagine that, when they found a single stone, this they rolled away. Every destroyed village or town in East Prussia is adopted by some German city, or

community. The foster parent calls itself godmother of the destroyed district it picks out, and undertakes to rebuild and re-stock its godchild. The guardianship is to last indefinitely until all is quite right again. Berlin took the district of Ortelsburg and its thirty-two villages under her wing. Unlike the old woman who lived in a shoe, she knows just what to do for the 1,100 children in the district. She sends architects to build up the houses, bedclothing—two sets for each bed—wearing apparel, and so on. The clothes are sent through the Lyceum Club. The good ladies belonging to the Club had proved themselves so capable in provisioning one village that Berlin handed them 12,500 marks, and said: "Take charge of this for the city." So energetic were they, that they even sent toys and books to the children for Christmas.

The members of this Lyceum Club are all writers, painters, or musicians. Their object before the war was to help on the struggling genius, and encourage the arts. There are Lyceum Clubs in London, Paris, and Berlin. Since the war, their object has been to help foreigners in their cities, be they friends or enemies. Paris, they tell me, is falling somewhat short in loving her enemies, but London is doing

nobly. Fräulein Schulhoff told me her dear friend, Mrs. Asquith, was even being censured in the Press as a traitress, for giving so much assistance to the wives and daughters of her enemies. The Berlin Lyceum Club now works in coöperation with the Nationaler Frauendienst.

June 11th.

We got six London *Times* from Kirk. The difference with which the announcements of the sea fight are made in English and in German newspapers is curious. The English have headlines: "Six British cruisers sunk"—"Heavy losses." "Eight destroyers sunk." The Germans have no headlines, particularly they do not thrust their sunken ships upon the eye as do the English. The loss of the *Lützow*, the largest ship in their fleet, was not announced until four days after the rest, and that in small type at the end of a long column summarizing the British losses.

The Russian offensive seems to be of some worth. They claim 480 captured officers and 25,000 men. At least they must have some fraction of that number.

Dinner at the Esplanade to-night was really too awful. We had neither meat nor bread cards, so

were reduced to a dish called: "lost eggs," and asparagus. The eggs were lost in some dreadful vegetable and the asparagus was that fat white and tasteless stuff they grow here. Billy remarked that the *sauce hollandaise* must have been difficult to make without either butter, eggs, or olive oil, and his tea, he said, reminded him of when his nurse used to stick her finger in a cup of hot water and tell him to "drink his tea, Dearie." I had apricots for dessert and ate a great number; that they had begun to ferment was no longer a drawback—at least they tasted of something.

They are going to oblige one to have cards for clothes now. Billy says he wants to know how the city authorities are going to know when he needs a new undershirt.

June 12th.

No German teacher as yet, which makes things difficult, for I have to go all over the city by myself. I can ask the way to a certain street, and can say *danke fieldmouse* for their answer, but can never, under any circumstances, understand what they say, and have to go on asking until someone points.

Went to tea with Mrs. Oppenheim. She, like

many other American women with German husbands, is more violently pro-German and anti-English than the Germans themselves. Americans seem unhappy unless they can go to extremes. I admired a cat she had—the most peculiar animal it was.

"Yes," she said. "He is Siamese."

"But where did you get him; here?" I asked.

"No," she answered most reluctantly, "I am afraid Lord Kitchener gave him to me."

"Well, after all," said I, "he might have come from a more unworthy source!"

"I do not know," she said.

I asked her why she didn't keep it in a barbed-wire cage and feed it prisoner's rations.

Later I remarked that I found an old wooden settee she had, charming.

"I regret to say," said she, "that it is English."

I told her that, if it worried her, I would buy all her English furniture at half price. "If you are really loyal," I added, "you will give it to me!" She did not mind my laughing at her about the cat and the furniture, but she really was quite serious about them.

Her sixteen-year-old daughter bobbed to me and

kissed my hand. I must say it is a shock when they do it.

Agatha Grabish called this morning. She has been to East Prussia. One old woman she talked to said she had stayed for the first Russian invasion.

"Why?" Agatha asked her.

"Well," she said, "my bread was baking when the others started to go, and I didn't want to leave it. But I might just as well have," she added, "because the Russians came in and ate it all up as soon as I took it out of the oven."

We went to the Zoo to see the holiday crowd. Every soldier who had a sweetheart, and every mother and father with a child was there. I am sure they must be skimping dreadfully on the meat for the lions and tigers—the poor beasts were so thin, all their bones were sticking out, while those disgusting hippopotami, that feed on hay, looked as if they would explode if they ate another mouthful.

June 14th.

Went to see Frau Levi Rathenau this morning, to learn about the Nationaler Frauendienst.

The German woman in wartime is not primitive. Neither is she simply an excellent and useful

creature carrying six bundles and a baby as she walks beside a tightly uniformed and empty-handed husband, nor one who naturally offers the only armchair and sofa cushion to her lord and master or silently seeks the upper berth in a sleeping car. To persons who have this view of German womanhood it is a shock to see women at the heads of numberless German enterprises, some of nation-wide scope.

In Berlin the modern woman handles anything from a large office force to a tramcar, and, undisputed, uses the talent for organization which is so deeply rooted in German nature.

Every woman in Germany is fighting this war. Not only does she send her husband out to be killed, but she steps into his place when he has gone. With his work to do, she has still her own—to take care of his house and bring up his children.

Individually, this would be impossible, but collectively it is possible. There are innumerable organizations, war kitchens, central cooking stations, supply stations, day nurseries, kindergartens, workshops, Red Cross stations, refugee committees, leagues of housewives, institutions for disabled soldiers. The great thing is that each branch the

women take up is systematically run and that they work in coöperation.

The largest of these women's organizations to-day is the Nationaler Frauendienst, or National Women's Service League.

There is little reminiscent of the American Society Woman's Relief Committee about either Dr. Gertrude Bäumer or Frau Levi Rathenau. Doctor Bäumer is the leader of the woman's movement of Germany, and the names of these two women are as familiar in Germany as are the names of Miss Jane Addams and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw in America.

Neither of these ladies is at the head of the Service League because she is a rich man's wife or because it is rather the vogue this year to be interested in social work.

Their office is like the railroad magnate's office in a modern drama. At an appointed hour one is ushered in, through several rooms of clerks and stenographers. Doctor Bäumer is at a large table, dictating. The inevitable telephone is at her elbow. Handshakes. A chair is offered, sat upon, and one's business is asked. The cigars, which come on the stage at this moment, are omitted. The inevitable telephone rings frequently during the interview and is

answered with a minimum number of words. Women secretaries bring papers to be signed after rapid and comprehensive glances at contents. Low-toned questions are replied to after a second's efficient thought.

"The Nationaler Frauendienst," explained Frau Rathenau, "was organized on July 31, 1914, by Doctor Bäumer and me. Our object was to help necessitous wives and children of our soldiers all over Germany by giving them advice.

"We sent prominent women in every city of the empire a programme which explained the work we wished them to do and told them how to organize. In Berlin we called in delegates from the big women's clubs—literary, conservative, socialistic, Jewish, Catholic, and liberal, and founded our central committee of 30 women. Propaganda of any kind was forbidden."

One thinks of a more famous coalition and wonders if 30 members are more conducive to harmony than 23.

"We presented our programme to the city authorities in Berlin," Frau Rathenau continued. "They approved of our plans and consented to pay all our office expenses. Later, when food became scarce, they commenced giving us $20,000 a month for food.

The rest of our money comes from private contributions.

"Our work is in three directions: First, to help the soldiers' wives; second, to help their widows and children; third, to aid in the question of their food supply.

"There are in Berlin 23 bureaus from which the 'Kriegsunterstuëtzung,' or war relief, is given out. This is the allowance to which common soldiers' wives are entitled from the city and the State; it amounts to 30 marks a month for a woman and 14 marks for each child.

"The Nationaler Frauendienst has a branch near each of these bureaus taking in the same district, and the two chief women of each branch sit on the Kriegsunterstuëtzung Committee of that district. They know the history of every family which gets the war pension and advise the committee when this money is insufficient. In such cases Berlin gives an added 18 marks to women without children and lesser sums to women who receive the 14 marks from the State and city for each child. Thus a woman with three children may get 83 marks a month and none of it from charity."

In the first few weeks of the war hundreds of women and girls lost their jobs through the closing

of factories that make luxuries. Seeing advice advertised free by the Service League, they rushed to the offices in hordes.

They were advised what kind of work to do and sent to the Labour Exchange to get it. Workshops were opened where they were taught many of the new trades so fast opening to women. Some are kept on in the shops and paid the regular wage, while many go out to the factories. Women who have taken over their husbands' businesses receive expert advice.

Wives come and ask advice for all manner of household matters—how to cook in the new cooking boxes; how to cook at all without butter, flour, or fat; what to do with their children when they are good, bad, indifferent, or sick; what to do with the children when they are at work; how to pay their rent and food bills now that they no longer have their husbands' wages.

The women who stream in all day are taken to tables and get individual attention. Exhaustive and fatally correct histories of each family are kept. They are visited in their homes and instructed there by ladies of the Service League. They cannot ask help outside their own district. No chance is there

for an ambitious family to gain a living by a gentle game of graft. The Nationaler Frauendienst is husband, brother, and watchful-eyed keeper to its clients.

If they need food and cannot pay for it, cards are given out for the particular thing they want. The stores take these and are reimbursed by the Service League. More than $250,000 worth of food cards had been given out up to January 1, 1916.

The Nationaler Frauendienst realized at the beginning of the war that there would be trouble with the food supply. They asked the Government if they might run a campaign to teach the women how to manage with shortened rations. The Government refused on the ground that it would frighten the people.

Soon, whether it frightened them or not, they had to know the truth and learn to economize.

The Government permitted the Service League to ask all the cooks in Berlin to a meeting in the Reichstag (The Parliament Building). By this strategic move each cook instantly felt herself to be as important as Von Bethmann-Hollweg or any one else in the empire. They were convinced after an hour's talk that, of course, the army was important, but that they were really the ones to win the war

and that to wish for anything more than potato flour and glucose with which to cook was the height of absurdity. The only wonder was, if tea could be made so successfully from strawberry leaves, why they had never known it before!

The housewives were next treated to an attack of eloquence. They came to meetings all over the city and learned new methods of housekeeping. They learned, for instance, that to bake cake with either flour or eggs was the eighth of the deadly sins.

The numbers of women, and men, too, who seek advice in the offices of the Nationaler Frauendienst give some idea of the size of the league. In Berlin alone, in January, 65,000 persons came; in May, 49,000; the greater number coming naturally in the hard winter months. In the district of Nordring, which is composed entirely of working people, 800 persons come to the office a week.

The Nationaler Frauendienst is organized all over Germany in virtually the same manner as in Berlin. A description of its work in Berlin suffices as a description of its work in every city. It does little work in the country except to send children from the city to holiday camps.

The number seeking advice from the Service

League might deal a blow to the idea that there is a new independent German woman were it not for the fact that it is from women they get the advice. There is none of the I-don't-know-I'll-go-home-and-ask-Alec spirit about those in charge. A visit to them moves at about the same speed as a visit to Charles Schwab in the central office of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

June 17th.

"General Moltke drops dead," on the front page of the newspaper, and "Czernowitz falls," under him. Even though this is the third time for Czernowitz, there is still some interest shown in the evacuation. It strikes me that, for a country which everyone said was dead and gone, and which they had begun to divide up and partition around, the Russians are doing pretty well.

I still venture to go about and meet "The Women" (capital letters) of Germany. They attain a terrifyingly high pitch of intelligence but they are most unbeautiful. Their definition of clothes is, I presume, "A modest covering for the body, sufficient to protect it from the cold." Some of them dress in a sort of new art way but few of them seem to imagine that dressing well would detract nothing

from their intellectuality of appearance—on which they concentrate so heavily—and that it might add several cubits unto their charm.

There was a mass meeting of Germany's most distinguished women at the Esplanade the other night—Dr. Gertrude Bäumer, Dr. Lisa Salomon, and the rest. Doctor Bäumer looks like a wonderful woman. There is a powerful compelling quietness about her which is magnetic. She was at the same table at which I was, and although she said nothing, I felt she was quite capable of taking Bethmann-Hollweg's place any time he wanted a rest.

Some of the people would talk munitions in the most tactless manner. What fault is it of mine, I'd like to know, if du Pont and Mr. Schwab send shells and gunpowder. Baron Roeder said that, when he hears his countrymen spitting about munitions, he says: "Well, my dear fellow, you know the United States tried to get us to agree in The Hague Convention, that we would not supply munitions to belligerents, and we refused, so here we are now hoist by our own petard, so to speak, and there is no use your making a noise about it!"

Of course the Germans never supplied munitions to any one, oh, no. They didn't make any money out

of the Spanish-American war, nor the Boer war, nor the Russo-Japanese war, and they didn't sell munitions to the Turks when they pretended to be friends with the Greeks, and they never *thought* of supplying Mexico with shells or guns, did they? . . . *No indeed, never!*

Billy has been seeing bankers lately, to try and find out about the finances of the country. He talked to Havenstein, President of the Reichsbank, two hours yesterday, and with Von Gwinner, Director of the Deutsche Bank, one hour. I asked him how they treated him.

"Von Gwinner saw through me," he said, laughing. "He asked me to tea, but Havenstein called out all the *geheimraths* in his employ and set them to making statistics for me!"

Havenstein said peace would never be permanent until England was ready to recognize commercial competition on the basis of who worked the best, and he declared that whatever else the war was it was a blessing for German banking. This it is—apparently; but not really, of course. Money never circulated so freely; men are not hoarding it as they are said to be doing in France; and with every industry running full tilt a great deal of money is being made.

A copy of the Dresdnerbank's yearly report got into France, and the French declared that never had such a colossal lie been invented by the Germans as this. It was utterly impossible, said they, that German finances could be in such a visibly flourishing condition.

Billy met Mr. Gerard in the street, just after he had seen Havenstein and Von Gwinner. B— said they had talked very frankly, and Mr. Gerard asked him if they had shown him the printing-press where they made the money.

June 20th.

Billy and I went to see Zimmermann in the Foreign Office. He, with Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Jagow, Helfferich, and Falkenhayn, are running Germany. Zimmermann is a large, blond man. His forehead is exceptionally high and his cheeks much scarred by sword slashes. He is genial, calm, and although the busiest man in the Empire, quite unhurried.

"I have just been seeing some bankers," said he. "We are negotiating another loan for our Turkish friends. Those people are always in need of money."

Billy said it was a great imposition for us to take up his time, as he was probably very busy. He laughed

and declared he was glad to see us. I told him he was like Disraeli, who said he was not "unusually busy to-day" but "usually busy."

Billy asked if the U-boat war was likely to be resumed.

"That depends on Wilson," answered Zimmermann. "If he pushes England into obeying international law, we will not resume it. If he goes on doing nothing, as he has for some time, I cannot answer for what our military and naval authorities will do."

I said that Wilson was not likely to move a foot before the elections, and would Germany be willing to wait until November?

Zimmermann shrugged his heavy shoulders. "That is a long time," said he. "We have enough submarines now."

Altogether, he sounded rather ominous on this subject, but very likely he wishes American newspaper men to circulate the idea that Germany will do something drastic if America does not insist upon England's introducing a few of the elements of legality into her blockade, or at least insist that the neutral mails shall arrive at their destination.

I asked him if he didn't think the war was going on

and on because no one would speak frankly of peace, and he said, "yes," but that Germany had said all she could.

"All that is done if we mention peace," said he, "is for everyone to shout: 'The Germans are beaten; they can't go on any longer.'"

Billy asked him whether peace could not be made now if the biggest men from each country were brought together.

"Ah!" said Zimmermann. "If it were possible to have a small, absolutely secret meeting, then we probably could make peace now, but how is that to be managed? We cannot speak out frankly to the whole world, and how can one negotiate except publicly?"

We asked him whether Germany looked for a long peace after the war, and whether it would be on the grounds of great military strength and strong boundaries, or on the basis of an international conciliatory body, or a treaty?

He answered that nothing short of a United States of Europe would amount to anything, and seemed to possess the usual German skepticism of treaties.

"We will have to have a United States of Europe some day, to enable us to compete economically with

America. That may come in eighty or one hundred years, but not in our lifetime. If you would really develop your natural resources, we in Europe would be helpless."

I asked him why the men in the Government gave to American newspaper men interviews that either said nothing, or said things which were misunderstood.

Zimmermann answered that there was a great howl if they didn't give interviews, and that of course they did not know how to manage public opinion in America, so they depended upon the newspaper men to put things so that Americans would understand properly.

It struck me that it was a rather risky business for Von Bethmann-Hollweg, or Zimmermann, to trust their similes and figures of speech in the hands of Von Wiegand. Look what he did in publishing the Chancellor's remark about "the map of Europe as it stands to-day." If he didn't understand what that meant, he should have said so and "permitted himself to remark" something more sensible and less subservient to the Chancellor than he did.

Went to a war kitchen—the one run by Americans. It would be rather irritating to our anti-German na-

tion to know that the American kitchen was the best in Berlin and that all food there was free!

June 22d.

I went to several kitchens yesterday—*Mittlestands-küchen*, they are called. A man named Abraham started them in the beginning of the war. They are all over the city, for children and for adults. Abraham poses as a philanthropist, but they say his charity is of the paying kind, and he is hated accordingly. I do not see, however, how he can make much money; people come to his kitchens in thousands and they pay only sixty pfennigs (fifteen cents) for soup, a rich-looking stew, and a great plate of barley and cherries, or some other sweet. The restaurants almost pay for themselves, for the food is sold them at cost by the city, and most of the service is voluntary work by ladies who wish to help. Whatever the cost is, it is borne by private individuals, spurred on by Father Abraham. One sees, not only middle-class people eating in the kitchens, but some quite poor people as well, and also some who look of the upper middle class. I went with an old American lady missionary; she is a spry old thing of seventy years, who works her head off for the

Germans and finds it vastly humorous that they call her the "high well-born-collector-of-old-clothes-for-the-poor."

Went to Frau Plotow's to tea. She is another lively septogenarian. I liked her a great deal, but her cake did not have any sugar in it—that's a pleasant little surprise one has nowadays. Several people came to tea with me the other day and it was quite awkward when I discovered that the cakes I had bought tasted like wrapping paper. *Mais: Qu'est ce qu'on veut?—c'est la guerre.*

Frau Plotow took me to her *kinderhort*, or rather her *mädchenhort*, as it is only for girls. This one, like most of the *kinderhort*, is in a school building. Working mothers leave their children for the day, paying a small sum, or nothing, to have their little girls fed, exercised, taught, and disciplined. This *mädchenhort* is one of a series of twenty-five run by private individuals. The city gives them the schoolrooms; the teachers pay for their light and heat; the food and other expenses are private. In peace time, children come to the *mädchenhort* after school hours and stay until six or six-thirty. Owing to the fact that many school buildings are now turned into barracks, the other schools must run two sets of

children, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, so the kindergartens also have two sessions. There are many societies which support *kinderhorts*. The number of children left daily in all the *kinderhorts* is more than double what it was in peace time.

An institution that appeals to me, particularly, in the German schools is the row of shower-baths in the cellar, where every child gets a thorough scrubbing once a week, head and all, with tooth-brushes hanging in neat rows on the wall, to be used daily under the eagle eye of the superintendent. When children get to America, I suppose they feel it is an infringement of their inalienable right to be dirty, if any one suggests soap to them.

The school yard is treeless and grassless, so the girls of the *mädchenhort* society are marched out to gardens to play. They dance and sing and play delightful games, but they are all so *good* I don't see how they can really enjoy themselves. The bows and curtsies one gets are in strong contrast to the insults hurled at one by American public-school children. A German child does not seem to know what being really "fresh," and glorying in the act, means—which is one of the few blessings of German discipline.

The *mädchenhort* society also occupies itself, as does every third person in Berlin apparently, with sending children to holiday camps in the summertime.

June 22d.

It is rather hard for me to find out how the war is taught in the schools, as I don't speak German, but as far as I can tell, it varies in different schools. They are not allowed to speak of peace, but the teachers read the newspapers to the pupils. Of course what they read depends on the newspapers they take. In only one school I know of do the children go through a short hate ceremony. When the teacher says: "*Gott strafe England,*" the pupils answer: "*Gott strafe es.*" They are still taught English and French but they are not allowed to use a word of either language outside of their lesson.

Baron von Mumm has asked us to dinner, through his secretary, through a stenographer with the medium of a typewriter. I call that using the third person with a vengeance. Since everyone is so formal here, we thought we might as well do as the Romans do, and be slightly annoyed instead of amused, so we didn't answer. His secretary called up to know if we were coming, and Billy asked him

what Frieherr von Mumm meant by asking us in that manner. The secretary said: "Excellenz never sent out his own invitations in war time." We forgave him as grandly as possible and consented to go—as if we'd miss the chance of getting an extra dinner with meat; I'd go even if I were ordered to.

June 26th.

The Mexican situation is growing very serious. I do not relish the thought of having my brothers go out to fight those treacherous half-breeds, but I am now afraid I shall see them do it.

We dined with the Winslows last night. A German officer there, Lieutenant Merton by name, declared it would take 500,000 men to quiet the Mexicans, and a million and a half men to conquer the country. Unlike most Germans, he thinks we would be most unwise to keep it. He said that we would have to keep an enormous police force there, since we were so cordially hated that revolutions would be incessant. I said it would be almost as much trouble as India to the British, and he said: "Certainly, as the Mexicans are a filthy lot."

Lieutenant Merton had just come from Bel-

gium, where he was one of Von Bissing's aides-de-camp. He said the General quite considered himself King of Belgium for the time being—which he virtually is—and lived and acted as such. Merton says Von Bissing sympathizes so greatly with the conquered country that he is doing everything possible to help it along and, he laughingly added, that he believed the General was so jealous for its welfare that he would even defend it against Germany. The Lieutenant told us that many Germans were greatly shocked by the levity of the Belgians. They think that printing such post-cards as: "*Qui est le vainqueur? L'amour*," most unseemly on the part of a conquered people.

Merton speaking about coming back to civilization from six months in the trenches: he said an automobile made him so nervous he couldn't stand it, and that a tramcar crossing the street at the same time he did was too terrifying a thing to be borne, while as for eating at a table with the proper implements and in civilized company, that was much worse than six months' shell fire. He dined with Von Bissing his first night back from the front, and he declared he was so shy and clumsy that the old gentleman kept patting his knee and telling him: "Never mind, my

boy, they are all like this when they come from the firing-line, paralyzed with fright at the sight of glass and china."

We went to our Consul-General's, Mr. Lay's, after dinner, to dance. Most of the Embassy were there, and several Germans, but they would play cards instead of dancing. Of course it was rather hot, as we had to keep the blinds shut for fear of the police catching us dancing in war time.

June 27th.

Yesterday was a strenuous day—too strenuous in fact. I got to the Central Labour Exchange at nine o'clock in order to go through the workshops. They have taught 10,000 women to make soldiers' supplies here. There are about 200 women who sew in the building and some 4,000 who get work from the Exchange and take it home. The wages are paid according to piecework but none are allowed to make more than fifteen marks a week. This is because the demand for work from the Exchange workshops is so great and because they wish to make this work only a temporary thing, to teach the women and to tide them over until another job can be found for them. These workshops have filled 7,000,000 marks' worth

of contracts since the war; they were almost entirely orders from the military, for helmet caps, cartridge cases, and sand bags. The Exchange has one or two men in its employ, and it was rather interesting to me to see that, while the women could cut out only ten patterns at a time, the men, using a sharp knife, could cut out forty. The shops pay all their expenses and even make money. They are anxious to make this a centre for giving out home work after the war, and the money earned will be devoted to doing this. Every employee is of course insured. Accident insurance is paid half by employer and half by employee; accidents, two thirds by the worker and one third by the employer: the State pays the doctor, medicine, and hospital bills when the insurance is needed.

In 1915, the Central Labour Exchange of Berlin found work for 95,953 women, while all the Exchanges secured jobs for 738,138 women. The women's divisions are always run by women in every Exchange in Germany.

Saw the *Oscar-Helene Heim*, a hospital for crippled children, in the afternoon. It was a horrid effort to get there. First, a long, hot trip in the subway—abomination of desolation—and then a scorching

walk through a shadeless sandy wheat-field to the great home among the pine trees. Naturally, the Germans, being Germans, would build a thing like this in the country, instead of planting it in the city, in our usual happy manner. They are too sensible by half, these people.

The children lie in beds out under the trees, or in the sun. When they can walk, they play in sand-pits or use the swings in the garden. A dozen or so two- and three-year-olds were rolling in the sand pit in abbreviated one-piece bathing suits, and browning their little twisted limbs in the healing sunshine. When they grow older, they have school, half an hour at a time, and then play. The Director said his children, crippled and sick though they were, learnt faster than other children because he mixes play so generously with study.

There are some eighty soldiers recovering here, who lack limbs. These men are taught trades, and when they leave, are able to earn the wages of any tailor, blacksmith, basket-weaver or wood-carver in the land. It is really most surprising to see the dexterous way in which the men work. Most of the soldiers are rather lazy and Wurtz said they were a bad influence; for my part, I was glad to hear that

someone at least did not make the most of every moment.

In the halls and children's rooms are many bright pictures of fairy tales and animals, and foreign lands, and for the men, pictures of all the great cripples who have ever lived. For Wurtz, the Herr Director, told us it was very good for the men to hear about what others like themselves had been able to accomplish. Wurtz seemed to me one of the kindest men I ever met. The children flock after him and call him "Papa." They clung about my skirts and said "Mama, Mama, show us thy little watch."

After this, I went to Baroness von Bissing's to tea. Oh, welcome was the hour and her comfortable chair! She is small, with finely chiselled features; her movements are quick, like those of a highly bred animal, and she is rather excitable.

We sat down to tea and cherry tarts and I asked her when she was next going to Belgium. She can, of course, go whenever she likes, but is never there officially, as no German officer may take his wife to Belgium. The General, being so strict a gentleman, will not break the rule even for himself, and so Baroness von Bissing and her children must live

alone in Germany, and he with his 150 aides-de-camp in his palace in Brussels.

"It is very hard to be without my husband and my eldest son," she said.

"Where is your boy?" I asked.

"He was taken prisoner by the French, wounded in six places. When he got well, they took him to prison and put him in solitary confinement in a little tiny cell with no work to do and no one with whom he can speak. He may not even look out of the cell window, for they painted it white. Twice a day he is taken for a walk by his guards—and this all because the French thought we did not treat Delcassé's son properly. Now, because they took my boy, and another, we have put six of their men in solitary confinement. We will see where these reprisals will bring us; I am sorry they must be, but we have more captured men than they.

"Why did they put Delcassé's son in prison in the first place?" I asked.

"Because he was an impertinent boy and called his officers 'dirty dogs of Prussians,'" she answered.

I can imagine that, properly and fluently to insult one's captors, might almost be worth the price.

"I fear for my son's mind," she said. "Soli-

tary confinement has such terrible effects sometimes."

This, alas, is too true. My German teacher's friend found her brother in a Russian prison, quite mad from two years' solitude.

The conversation turned to Essen and the Krupps. Baroness von Bissing said she and her husband were going next week to Bertha Krupp von Bohlen's latest baby's christening—the General is to be godfather.

"I like to go to Essen," continued she, "because cannon and such things interest me."

I questioned her more and she told me she used to invent cannon and that she had several times tried to get patents for these remarkable works of her imagination.

"But did you know anything about such things?" I asked.

"No," she said; "but I had the intention to turn a cannon into an automobile, or an automobile into a cannon, as I thought it would be very convenient in war."

I agreed that it might, indeed, and laughingly told her she looked less like an inventor of cannon than almost any one I could think of.

"I told old Herr Krupp about my cannon," she went on, "one time when I was visiting there, and he asked me if I would like to see the ones he was making. I said that, as I knew he would not even let the Royal Princesses into that shop, I should be quite contented to see the rest of the works. But not at all; the old gentleman took me in and I was the first woman to see his cannon being made."

We skipped from topic to topic as lightly as gazelles. From Essen we jumped to the Allies' note to Greece. We both agreed it quite outdid Austria's. I asked her if Germany had seen that note, and she said she didn't know, and she wanted to know what difference it would make anyway if Germany had.

"What would Wilson, that *dear* man Wilson, have done if his son had gone into Mexico and been murdered by some villainous person there? Wouldn't he have said something severe to them?"

I thought it rather an appropriate simile.

The Germans apparently hate Wilson and Roosevelt equally—the one for what they say are his pro-Ally tendencies, and the other for having turned against his former friends and insulted them, after accepting their hospitality.

"Serbia and Montenegro are full of people that need to be punished, but Italy—Italy!"—said Frau von Bissing, with her pretty nose in the air—"is a nasty little dog that has done something dirty and must be kicked out!" She emphasizes her words so heatedly when in earnest, that I never can help laughing.

"Now tell me about your work, Baroness," I said. She modestly answered she did not do much but supplement the work of other people—which isn't true at all.

The organization which Baroness von Bissing started is somewhat on the line of the work of the Nationaler Frauendienst, only the Von Bissing affair, instead of working for all the soldiers' families, concentrates on the wounded and their dependents. She noticed, while working in the hospitals, that the soldiers were often in need of advice and that they seemed to want someone to whom they could talk about their worries. Cause enough there is for any German to worry when he thinks of the domestic wife or sweetheart he left behind him, driving a great dray about the city streets, or jumping about in her dark-blue bloomers in a subway train, taking gentlemen's tickets.

"We are afraid our women will grow too fond of their new life and not want to stay at home and have families," said the Baroness. "We must make dependence sweet to them again." Of course, I took intense joy in this last statement. I asked if they had any idea of polygamy after the war, and she said "No"; that Germany was too religious a State for that—the Church parties were too strong to allow it.

"We shall have to do everything by education. We have no other means. One of our tasks now in my work is to have our women and girls talked to, and to make them understand that they will not have crippled children if their husband or lover comes back from the war lacking an arm or a leg."

"How about illegitimacy? Will you sanction that?" I asked.

"No," she said. "We could not do that either, or we would destroy the moral foundations of our country, but we are at this moment trying to get a bill through, which will make it easier for the mothers of illegitimate children, and harder for the fathers.

"I wish to have sex hygiene taught in the schools,

but that will take some time, as the teachers must first be taught," she said.

I do not doubt that Germany will, as the Baronin says, be able, through education, to work quite as effectively toward the repopulation of her country as she worked through polygamy after the Thirty Years' War.

"We wish very much to make our men religious again; they seem to have lost this in their trench life," she said, sadly. "So the clergymen in Germany are working with our organization."

We turned back to the invasion of Belgium.

"England is a disgusting hypocrite," said my hostess emphatically. "France is not so bad; we do not hate her, but England is in this war solely for money. It is a pleasant little joke of theirs, about our invading Belgium first, but I *know* that the English and French were there before us."

Now, if the wife of the Governor of Belgium believes this so earnestly, one may imagine how firmly the rest of Germany believes it.

"I have seen in Antwerp," the lady went on, "a great house, seven stories high, which was so filled with English hospital supplies that we have not used them all up yet."

"The war, as we hear it from the German side," I said, "is not the same war at all. It is quite another. When accounts conflict so radically, what is a poor, bewildered American to do?"

"When you are prone to judge us harshly, remember we have had the English censor to deal with for two years, and that there are seventy-five correspondents in the Allied countries to twelve for the Central Powers. Add to this the facts that England controls the cable service of the world and shows an insatiable curiosity concerning other people's mail."

I left soon after this, taking with me voluminous pamphlets on her work. There is no lack of literature and reports on things in Germany. I am sure, if I lived here long, I should get the pamphlet habit. One might write on the ancient cab horses here and what they are capable of on two fistsful of chopped straw a day, or on the evil effect on one's temper of riding in a flat-tired taxicab; I don't think any one has written up these yet.

June 25th.

Went to the *Pestalozzi-Froebel House*. I'd shied off for a long while on account of its name; I thought it would surely be dreadful. It's not, except that it's even more exemplary than their other institu-

tions. It's a combination kindergarten and school for children up to about fourteen, and a teachers' training school. I never saw anything like it! Poor children may get taken care of and Montessoried for nothing, just as carefully as if they lived on Fifth Avenue. If need be, they may even spend the night there, which many of the very little ones do. Counting the girls who are in training, the teaching force is brought up to eighty for about two hundred and twenty children. There is apparently nothing, from cleaning windows to nursing children, the teachers do not learn. They live in the building until they are qualified to go out to another school and take charge.

The children adore it. They have gardens and pet animals and are taught everything in such a delightful way. It is quite like the Jugendheim in Charlottenburg, which I described before, only on a larger scale. The numbers of children have, of course, greatly increased since the war. The matron told me that there were enough such places in Berlin to accommodate any child whose mother wished it to go. They are not all quite like the Pestalozzi-Froebel House certainly, but on that order. I should imagine that the refining influence of such schools must, and cannot but be, great, there is so much individual at-

tention given and such stress laid on daintiness and cleanliness and politeness.

July 1st.

Went to the Von Gwinners' to lunch. It was Von Gwinner who put through the Bagdad Railway scheme. The house is large, but there is a life-size marble statue of a woman playing a violin in the drawing-room. He has a beautiful garden.

Von Gwinner said the victor in this war would be the nation which declared bankruptcy two weeks after all the rest. He expects they will all be taxed to the verge of poverty when the war is over, but believes Germany can hold out the longest. The eldest Miss von Gwinner is a delightful girl and one of the best informed and most intelligent women I've met here.

Dined with Baron von Mumm Tuesday night at the Automobile Club. He is a fraud, and Count Montjelas with him, and I hope to see them both soon to tell them so. There was a crowd in the Leipziger Platz when I got there, and the two men were standing at the window. I asked what it was and they said: "Nothing, nothing, only the usual people going home from work." Now, whether they knew or not, I am not sure, but it really was the Socialists publicly demonstrating their disapproval of the im-

prisonment of Liebknecht for two years and a half. That shows what a Berlin riot is. I looked on and never knew it!

We've heard from Freiherr von B—— that there was a really recognizable one in Düsseldorf. All the women went to the City Hall and demanded more meat and potatoes. The Mayor stuck his shaved head out of the window and tried to calm them with tales of beans and peas, but they shouted they did not want them, they wanted potatoes and, when he said he hadn't any, they smashed all the windows that couldn't resist brick.

"That's just like the poor," said Von B——, "they won't eat anything except potatoes."

Dined with the Böcklins last night. Baron Böcklin is back for a few days from headquarters on the western front. He says that Verdun will fall in about two weeks. What a 14th of July for the French! We asked the same eternal questions about the duration of the war.

"The English and ourselves have just reached our maximum strength," he said. "The others have all passed it."

Of course, I hate to dispute with Von Falkenhayn and Böcklin, but I do not think the English have

reached their maximum strength. Baron Böcklin thinks they will be able to secure strategic frontiers on the west, and Kurland on the east. Apparently the Baltic Provinces, up to the Peipus Lake, are waiting with longing to be under German dominion. Only 10 per cent. of the population is German. "Ah, but that is the educated percentage, you know."

Yes, I do know, and I wonder how Russia will like having a German Gibraltar on the Baltic, and whether she will enjoy moving her capital to Moscow, which would be the inevitable outcome of having the Germans so near Petrograd.

Baron Böcklin showed us pictures he'd taken on the front. In one little house in Belgium, which he'd made his headquarters, a woman sneaked in on him one night when he was sleeping. He heard her and, jumping up, caught her by the throat. She had a long knife in her hand. As Böcklin was taking it from her, a man crawled out from under his bed with a gun, but was covered by the sergeant who came to Böcklin's rescue. The Baron let both assassins go, instead of having them shot as he had the right to do. Böcklin's mother was an American, and his grandmother an Englishwoman.

Heard a delightful story about Mr. Gerard from Mrs. ——. She said that to tease Countess B—— he asked her why she hadn't married some nice stockbroker in New York, who could have provided her with much better-looking clothes, and more of them, than Count B——. She went home in a rage and told the Count, who also became furious and they both told all Berlin that Mr. Gerard was so anti-German that he disapproved of German-American marriages. Mrs. Gerard implores her husband to save his jokes for those who have a sense of humour but he says, no matter what resolutions he makes, Countess B—— is more than he can resist, and his remarks grow always worse instead of better.

July 6th.

Just back from three days in Hamburg. We went there with the dreariest possible recollections of the place—rain, cold, no food, and no people. This time, fortified with letters of introduction brought us by that most amiable of women, Countess Götzen, we met with kindness and the fatted calf. Our rooms looked over the water where were sail-boats and white swans, and many willow trees and roses on the banks of the lake, and from behind the end of the harbour,

a great gray Zeppelin swam toward us and around and around in the still morning.

The waiter who brought our breakfast wore the iron cross. I am sure he deserved it, for he was both frozen and shot to pieces in Russia.

"For what," I asked him, "are those two small pills in that dish?"

"Saccharin, *gnädige frau*," said he.

I did not know it was so horrid sweet, and ruined my coffee.

That night we went to the Max Warburgs' to dine. They are very delightful people; their house is large and nice, their sense of humour a joy to find, and besides that, Mrs. Warburg was well dressed and wore —oh, wonder of wonders in a German woman—silk stockings. Mr. Warburg is one of the biggest bankers of Germany, and is certainly the nicest. He declared American business men and American financiers to be the most charming and the most uninformed men in the world.

"They know nothing of international affairs, not one thing," said he. "And they do not even know their own country thoroughly. We wonder over here how they can possibly get along with such little knowledge of the affairs of the world." He said he

told his brother, Mr. Paul Warburg, that it's easy enough for him to be a big man in America, where there is so little competition, but just let him come to Germany and try it. One may think America is work-mad, but it seems a shiftless, lazy place after Germany.

Mr. Warburg says he does not see the end of the war but believes firmly that Germany will not be beaten. The harvest, which everyone had been saying would be so marvellous, he says will be good but not first class, and if the sun does not soon shine, it will not even be good. Well, harvest or no harvest, we were given a most royal dinner—roast beef, our first in Germany, and many courses. We even had nectarines from their hot-house in the country, and the most glorious big strawberries with plenty of sugar.

I think the Germans are amazingly broad-minded. They think we are their enemies, and yet they are polite to us—frontier officials and petty officials always excepted—and it's not politics either with the private individuals.

The next morning, Mrs. Aufschlager sent her carriage for me. She is the wife of the man who supplies most of Germany's powder, but she has only one pair of horses and an ancient coachman left her now.

"And before," she said, "I used to tire out two pairs of horses and my chauffeur every day."

I can well believe it, for two mornings with her left me panting for breath; and she is no longer young. We went everywhere. The women in Hamburg are almost surpassing the women in Berlin in the amount of relief work they do. They have *Frauenvereine* and *kriegshilfe*, and *kriegsküchen* and *Kinderfürsorge*, and Red Cross organizations as thick as grass all over the city. It's no use describing what each does; suffice it to say that the kitchens feed about one fifth of the population each day—in the schools, in restaurants, or if the women wish to fetch their food, in the homes. The price for a huge bowl of food is 30 pfennigs, or even 20 pfennigs. If they are too poor, they get it for nothing. More and more kitchens are started each day. Some people want home cooking to be forbidden entirely until after the war. The kitchens will all stop then and home cooking be encouraged as much as possible. Of course, many of the school children will still get their lunches, as they have for years, and there will be cheap restaurants, but everywhere they say they do not want to have central cooking a permanent institution.

There is one thing in Hamburg which they have not in Berlin. This is the systematic collecting and making over of old clothes. I have not seen anything which has made me feel more the pressingly economical *régime* under which the people are living than the large building given up to the regeneration of old clothes. Except for the horses which pull the vans full of cast-off wearing apparel up to the store-room door, all the brain work and hand work is done by women. First, everything is fumigated, then sorted, pressed, ripped up, washed, ironed, or dyed; men's trousers made into little girls' skirts, children's coats, boys' clothes. Old things are renovated, if not entirely transformed, and out of the left-over pieces are made patch quilts for the soldiers. Woollen things are treasured, an old glove, or cap, or shawl may be torn to pieces and woven anew. The ingenuity with which every rag is used is astonishing. I thought of my dear mother and wished she might be there to see, only I knew she would then be more convinced than ever that I was a wasteful, extravagant girl. The girls who do the work are paid, but the ladies in charge give their services free to the Hamburg Kriegshilfe.

When the clothes are old no more, but quite new and resplendent, they are sent to another large build-

ing, also rent free, where they are given away. This is the central and largest of sixty-five workshops run by the *kriegshilfe*. New clothes are made here, and military supplies. In the sand-bag department I saw piles and piles of bags made out of some Canton flannel stuff, brightly patterned.

"Why do you use this nice goods instead of sack-cloth?" I asked.

"Oh," said the ladies, "we had quantities of that brought in from Poland."

"Stolen!" I cried.

"No!" was the horrified chorus. "It is booty."

Now the difference was a fine distinction I suppose I should have been able to make, but I did not think I would dispute it, so left them still animatedly discussing the Amerikanerin who did not know morality from what she called "swiping."

The army supplies are paid for but all the rest is given away, and not a pfennig to pay. Thirty thousand families get their clothes here for nothing! There are the usual investigations made first, so that people may not get more than they need. Before a woman's baby is born, she is given the proper outfit for it: altogether, it seemed to me, that it was better to be poor in Hamburg than proud somewhere else.

We drove to the station where the trains of wounded come in and saw them making ready with food and stretchers and flowers and a band of music to receive some men from Russia. These exchange wounded do not look so badly as the men straight from the front, as clean clothes are given them at the frontier. We went, too, to the shipyards in the free port. One drives through a white-tiled tunnel under the river to get there and Frau Aufschlager was much amused at me for taking such an interest in it. Evidently she thought we had tunnels under every brook in America. The shipyards are busy but the great storehouses in the port show no sign of life at all. Every barge and crane lies idle in the harbour, while the English battleships crouch at the German gate.

Went to the Warburgs' to tea and saw their delightful children. Mr. Warburg, they say, is the real brains of the Hamburg-American Line, and not Ballin. Billy was talking to Ballin to-day. The interview would be rather sensational if printed in our papers, but would give, I think, a false impression of Germany. For instance, he said Germany must have either the largest fleet in the world, or Antwerp and Calais. He believes in no treaties and has no hope of peace being made soon.

Dined at a restaurant up the lake with Mr. Morgan, our Consul-General. Mr. Reidemann, head of the Standard Oil in Germany, was there, and his American sister-in-law; also Count Quadt, the Prussian Minister. We got to talking American politics, and the Germans to commenting on the deplorable ignorance of our representatives and congressmen. "Yes, indeed," Mr. Morgan said. "Do you know what happened when one of our congressmen proposed to import twenty-five gondolas to put on the river in Washington? Another congressman, who was of an economical turn of mind, got up and said: 'Why not import a male and a female, and let nature do the rest?'" Billy and I roared and the Germans were horrified that we could laugh at our Government so. Reidemann began wondering where all the swans in Hamburg had gone, in order to change the subject, and Mr. Morgan said they'd all been eaten and that it was an outrage as they were very rich, having been left a fortune for food by an old lady. Reidemann, thinking Morgan was quite serious about the eating, vehemently denied such cannibalism, and then wondered why I laughed at him.

"How's the Standard Oil, Mr. Reidemann?" I asked; "are you bankrupt yet?"

"Certainly not," said he. "Go home and relieve the minds of the company, and tell them I have not ruined them yet. We have immense wells in Rumania and get all the oil we want."

"Then, why in the world are they using gasolene made out of coal?" said I. "Is it for the pleasure they take in this new discovery?"

"They cannot afford the trains for transport," said Reidemann. This did not sound as if business was so very flourishing to me. I asked him if they would use the coal product after the war, and he said "No."

When we were ready to go home, I stepped out on the balcony over the water. The canoes were thick below me, and I noticed one, paddled by a woman, which was being shoved about by all the others. It was the Fourth of July and I saw the canoe flew the American flag. Evidently the others were trying to make the girl take it down, and I could hear her angrily answering them back. Then one man came and, taking the flag-pole in his hand, broke it off. The girl quickly reached for his, and did the same, then both snatched their own back. The girl's canoe was still being shoved about and angry voices shouted at her. She held the flag in her hand till a man in a punt, with two other men, caught her flag

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and, tearing it off, threw it in the water and spat on it. The girl, in a fury, struck him with the stick and he raised his canoe paddle to her. By this time, I, who am not an hysterical woman, was in such a rage and fury of patriotism, that there, before everyone, I stamped my feet and burst into angry tears. I was so angry I could not speak. Count Quadt and the Reidemanns had gone, but Billy and Mr. Morgan, who had come out on the balcony for the last scene, were swearing with rage. I went into the next room where there were no people, for I was terribly mortified with myself, but could not help the tears running down my face. The head waiter followed me and tried to console me. He did all but pat me on the back and call me a poor darling.

"I am so sorry, madam," he said. "So very sorry. These Germans are rude men with no manners at all. I am a Hungarian and no one in my country would treat a woman so. I love America, and if I could get my passports, I would go back to-morrow!"

If only one could have done something, but we were too far away, and the only Americans in the crowd. We would only have been arrested immediately. The girl came in to the American Consulate in the morning. She was badly scratched

up and still so angry she cried while telling the Consul. Some of the women, she said, had cried "Shame!" to the men, and others had offered to see her home, but she said she wished no German near her. She said she had been to the police and given the numbers of the men's boats, and they promised her to punish the men, but advised her not to tell the Consul-General about the fuss. She answered that she was on her way to his office as fast as she could go. The Consul-General demanded an apology from the Burgomaster, and that the men be severely punished. The apology has been made.

Went to Mrs. Reidemann's to tea, as we couldn't go to dinner. She is fattening two pigs in a pen by the front door and twenty convalescent soldiers in her ballroom, so I think she is doing her share for her adopted country. Her head huntsman had just been killed and her six gardeners are all in the war. Her orchid house is ruined from lack of care and she says the garden is hopeless. It was not too far gone, however, to produce a huge bunch of pink roses for me, each one as big as a cabbage. The next day, when we came home to Berlin, they were too full blown to bring with me, but I did bring the pound of butter Mrs. Aufschlager gave me and the twenty-four lumps

of sugar, and a piece of cake Mr. Morgan sent wrapped up in a newspaper. The newspaper hurt Billy's feelings, but I would have that sugar.

July 7th.

The Allied offensive seems very heavy. As Mr. Morgan said the other night: "The Germans are getting vicious; they got a crack in the eye in Austria, and another by the French on the west, and the English are biting their heels." The confidence and placidity of the people, as a whole, under this, the worst fighting of the whole war, are remarkable. All I have seen them do was to take it out on one lone woman in a canoe.

July 11th.

Lunched with Baron von Pritwitz, Baroness Böcklin, Herr Horstmann, and another man from the Foreign Office. We were at Hillers, and the men felt rather fed up on war and politics—which they well may be considering that the rain is likely to ruin the harvest, and the Russians still seem as enthusiastic as ever about taking prisoners, while the French and English manage to cause considerable annoyance —so, for these reasons, we carried on a conversation

one might have translated into any language with equal propriety. We decided that the Friedländers, who own all the coal mines in Germany, must ask us all to the country in order that I may show them how to ride on a board behind a motor-boat. Billy and I don't know the Friedländers, but apparently they won't notice that.

Horstmann then said he'd heard I needed clothes and was going home unless I got some quickly, so he'd made engagements with three of the largest dressmakers in Berlin for me! I was supposed to have a German lesson, but what was I to do? They all four marched me down to Alfred Marie's and commanded the models to stand forth. I can say I never expected, when I came to Germany a serious-minded woman seeking information on the "woman question," to go dress hunting with Von Jagow's secretary, and two more men from the Foreign Office. I had nothing to say about the clothes; Horstmann knew a great deal more about it than I, so I came away with a hat and a black-and-white dress *chic* enough to ruin my reputation in Berlin.

I went to see Abraham's kitchens to-day. All the women there thought the dear man was too good to live much longer. He has twenty-nine *mittlestands-*

kuchen, which feed 36,000 people three plates twice a day for sixty pfennigs, soldiers fifty pfennigs; forty-four *kinderkuchen* which supply 24,000 children soup once a day, usually for nothing, the State paying eighty-one pfennig; and he has thirty-five *kinderhorts* in schools or in his kitchens, which take care of 3,000 children from three until six o'clock. The *kinderhorts* and the *kinderküche* he had before the war, but with far fewer children. Also he has one day nursery for babies, and I should say that is a rather good job for any gentleman. Abraham has no end of women under him. They do all the actual work. He is the head brains of the *Kinder-Volksküchen-Verein*, and I think deserves immense credit for the work he does. Some of the kitchens pay for themselves, and the rest is given by charity. More kitchens are being opened by him daily. They scorn the *gulash cannonen*, which the city runs in some districts, but I imagine it is better to buy soup out of a pushcart than not to have anything but a piece of beastly war-bread.

July 12th.

Went to see Dr. Gertrude Bäumer this morning. She is, I suppose, better known than any other woman in Germany except the Kaiserin, or the

Crown Princess. I asked her every question it was possible for me to think of, and she answered in nervous, broken English. They do not know how many new industries women have entered since the war began, nor can they tell how many more women are working now than before. The social insurance statistics give an approximate idea, but naturally the number changes from day to day as the field of their work enlarges. There are great numbers in the metal industries doing half-skilled work, and also women doing the skilled work. They manage the travelling cranes in iron and steel foundries, a thing no employer believed was possible. They do what is called "electro-technical" work, and the employers have discovered through this that unskilled labour (if intelligent) may be trained to new work with great rapidity. For instance, in the *Algemene-Electricitäts Gesellschaft* there are 17,000 men and 17,000 women all doing the same work. Women work at mining also, but only in the open mines. They are not allowed underground. They dig the coal and also load the cars. In the iron foundries they do not work directly at the blast furnaces, but near them. Apparently, they are unable to stand the heat. As yet, the women seem to have suffered no ill effects

from their work in the iron industries, the mines, and the munition factories, but undoubtedly they will if permitted to work long at these trades. The employers find them intelligent, but far more nervous than men. Noise and heat they are particularly unable to stand, and of course the lifting of heavy weights such as they must handle in the munition factories is injurious. The employers declare they wish to keep women in the industries which they have entered, and it will be quite a fight to prevent their going on working in many of them. There were a number of industries in which women were forbidden to work before the war, but since 1914 they have come into many which no one had ever thought of putting a ban upon, as it had occurred to no one that a woman was ever likely to enter upon such a career. I must confess I never expected to see a woman sitting in a glass cage and managing an electric crane, which swung buckets of molten metal, or red-hot blocks of iron and steel through the air.

Now that all bans are off, and women may work a twelve-hour day and overtime, and at night on an eight-hour shift, and in industries where before they were forbidden by law or custom, they are feeling very emancipated, but after the war, those enlightened

beings, who try to care for the health of women, will endeavour to get laws passed forbidding their working at mining, or munition making, or in foundries. Night work will be forbidden, and the ten-hour day reëstablished. There is little hope of an eight-hour day for women for a long while yet.

It is hard to compare women's wages to-day with men's wages before the war, as many women are doing work which no one ever did before. One cannot say they get the same wages as men. When they step into a man's job, they get his wages unless they work fewer hours than he did. For piece-work, they are paid at the same rate as the men were, but do less work than the men did. At much of the work, the women are new and make mistakes, so the employer does not pay them so highly as he would a man. The employers say that, although they are pleased with the female labour, and wish to keep the women after the war, their profits are not quite so high as with male employees.

The machinery in the factories is not being changed for the women; they work with the same tools as the men. A few more safety devices are put in, but all machinery was so excellently protected before the war, little extra was necessary. If the machinery

had been changed, there would be more likelihood of women holding their jobs after the war.

Only from three to four per cent. of the women are unionized. Those who are, are nearly all in the men's trade unions. The only union which will not admit them is the lithographic union. In the other unions, the men work to help the women along in the wage question, the matter of hours, and so on. In this way, they succeed better than when they try to have their own unions.

Dr. Bäumer is very anxious to get half-day work for married women in factories after the war. They could then continue to earn a small but much-needed wage.

Employers are not allowed to discharge women for child-bearing. They must give them two weeks' holiday before the child's birth, and four weeks' after. During this period, they get two thirds of their wages from their sickness insurance. Also, they may get their doctor and medicines free. At present, soldiers' wives are getting 120 marks from the State for each baby, and half a mark a day extra if they nurse the child themselves. Dr. Bäumer thinks it may be possible to keep this system after the war for all families whose income is under 2,500 marks a year.

As for suffrage, Doctor Bäumer said that all the Social Democrats and the Radical-Liberals are pro. They do not have regular suffrage organizations here, as in England and the United States, but they work for it through other organizations, such as the National Council of the Women of Germany, which has 600,000 members, and of which Doctor Bäumer is the head. The interest in suffrage is more a general political interest than a professional interest or desire for certain rights the women feel they do not have. They are anxious for a more direct hand in the governing of their country. Women sit on the school boards all over Germany. In Weimar they must sit on the boards for the care of the poor; in other provinces, they may sit on the Poor Law Board if they wish. They are also on the committees for hospitals, orphanages, institutions for the protection and care of children, the inspection of dwellings, theatres, libraries, and markets. They even sit on the social insurance boards, though it is rather difficult to elect them, as the German ballot can usually manage to dodge an unwelcome candidate. The last elections were very favourable to the women, however.

A law has just been passed, admitting women as teachers in the boys' schools. In the mixed schools

they will have half women teachers, and half men; and in the girls' schools, two thirds of the teachers will be women. There are, with very few exceptions, no married women schoolmistresses; the rule is that there shall be none, but apparently this is one of the rare cases where a German rule may be stretched. The schools are under the jurisdiction of the different states, while the factories and industries are under the Empire. Thus, all the states may have different school laws, but laws governing labour, with workmen's compensation and insurance, are the same, and there is a ten-hour day all over Germany for women, instead of having eleven hours in Bavaria and eight in Mecklenburg.

I asked if many girls were coming in from the country to the cities to work, and Doctor Bäumer said "yes." When I asked what they were trying to do to prevent this, she said that a better school system in the country would be the only thing. They are trying to have compulsory continuation schools which will keep the girls until the age of sixteen or eighteen, and teach them farming and cattle raising, and I suppose, cooking and sewing—for those evils are just as necessary in the country as in the city.

When I wanted to know what they would do to

encourage the birth rate, she repeated what she had said about continuing the 120 mark pensions for the mothers. They also propose to give a proportionately larger salary to State officials with families. Since there are more State officials than there is population—as far as I can see—I should think this last might prove remunerative in offspring. Every one hoots at the idea of polygamy, or soldiers getting leave, in order to go home and beget a family. The best answer to the leave question, they say, is the fact that many soldiers get no leave at all. The day they are about to start for home, an attack is made, and in the trenches the men must stay. Evidently, the question of what Germany is going to do to increase the birth rate is a far more exciting matter for speculation elsewhere than here.

I asked if the women had become less conventional in their ideas about love and marriage since the war, and Doctor Bäumer declared they were far more unconventional. As I didn't have time to ask her more, or rather thought the poor woman had suffered enough from me, I left this topic in this vague state, and came home.

Dined with the Von Kleists'—quite a large party. I sat between M. Roland, the Spanish secretary, and

Count Montjelas. The latter is exonerated from the charge I made against him the other day. He did not know there was a riot going on that night in front of the Automobile Club. He said, when he saw it in the papers, he knew I'd think he had lied, but he wished me to know he knew no more than I that night.

July 13th.

We went to the *Kriegspresseamt* to arrange about going to Belgium. I was dressed for a lunch party so didn't look much like a serious-minded journalist, but they will let me go with Billy. The first thing that the Herr Major did was to hand me a shell made by the Bethlehem Steel Co. I made a dreadful face, which might have meant either: "Why didn't the wretched thing explode," or: "What a wicked shame for Americans to have made it."

"Don't blame me for that now," I said. "I come from Bethlehem, but my father is only a harmless college president and not in the Steel Company."

"Oh," cried Herr Griesel. "That grant unifersity Lehigh! I haf a cousin wot is married mit a professor there. They haf sent me putiful bictures of Lehigh." So I was saved their scorn.

We were introduced to an Excellenz Coates, who

will guide us through Belgium. He seemed very nice and had one blind eye, which I regretted for his sake but thought might be useful to us, as they say one is watched most vigilantly—not that I expect to do anything very devilish, but I do hate to be under supervision.

Lunched at the Lays'. They had a party for Prince Christian of Hesse and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Roger's mother and father. The Blüchers were to have been there, but old Prince Blücher chose this morning to drop dead off his horse. He must have been a charming old man. Most of his life he spent trying to evade his German taxes. He had an island off the coast of England, on which he kept a great many kangaroos. Perhaps he thought they added a touch of British atmosphere to his estate. He wished to know if he couldn't come to America and live there about a week, in order to become an American citizen, as he found his island didn't get him out of paying his German taxes, but when told it would take even longer than a week to become an American citizen, he gave up that idea. He was much interested in America but said he thought it must be dangerous to have so many buffaloes around. And, when he heard of the lynchings our peace-loving citizens occasionally like to in-

dulge in, he suggested we let our wild Indians out to subdue the lynchers. "That would soon put a stop to such riots," said the old gentleman.

July 17th.

We have seen, in a French and a German paper, rumours of the purchase of the Danish West Indies by the United States. I am very much interested to know if Billy's account of transactions up to date got home. He had it straight from ————. Billy asked Ballin, when he saw him, if he had had anything to do with stopping the sale before, as was believed by T. R. and Secretary Hay. Ballin said: "No," and that his belief was, that the wife of Prince Waldemar stopped it, being a loyal Danish woman and not wishing her country to lose any more of its territory.

July 17th.

Billy saw Rathenau, the most brilliant of Germany's industrial kings. He talked so frankly that I hesitate to write down his name. Billy first asked him when he thought the war would end.

"At the earliest, in 1918," said Rathenau. "It might just as well end now, for Germany is ready now to make peace on the same terms that she will in

1918, but I think the English will have to become far more weary of the war than they are now before they will be ready to talk sensibly."

Billy wanted to know what he believed the terms of peace would be.

"In the end," Rathenau answered, "I think peace will be made on these terms: Germany will not keep an inch of French or Belgian soil. Talk of our keeping the Meuse forts and the crests of the Vosges Mountains is nonsense. We shall pay Belgium an indemnity of say two billion marks. We shall not call it an indemnity but we shall tie it up in the purchase price which we shall pay for a strip of Belgian Congo to connect our colonies in East and West Africa. The purchase price will be very much more than the land is worth. We shall not keep Kurland. The present agitation for its retention is sentimental idiocy. There are only 200,000 Germans there, the rest of the population is Lithuanian and Esth.

"We shall not attempt to keep Poland, or to bring her into the German Zollverein. It will be better, both for Austria and ourselves, if Poland remains under Russian control, for the Poles are the most unreliable people in Europe and they will always work against the power to which they are allied. If Russia

keeps them, she will continue to have a difficult people on her hands, and Poland will turn to Austria and ourselves for support.

"The question of Serbia is harder. Bulgaria will probably keep the part of Macedonia which she wants, and Austria will take some Serbian territory. Serbia will be compensated by the acquisition of Montenegro and an outlet to the sea in Albania.

"One condition of the peace will have to be a return to the status quo before the war in an economic way. That is, the plans of the Paris Conference for an economic war must be abandoned."

Billy suggested that it might be possible for the United States, England, and Germany to make an alliance on the basis that Germany must limit her fleet and leave England the supremacy of the sea. England must promise not to blockade Germany again. The United States is to guarantee the keeping of both agreements, in return getting the ratification of the Monroe Doctrine by England and Germany. The United States will guarantee the pledge of England by agreeing to put an embargo on exports to England if England breaks her promise. In the event of aggression on the part of Germany, the United States would come in on the side of England, or vice versa.

"That is perfectly possible," said Rathenau. "That is the peace Germany is ready to make to-day. England probably will not be ready for it until 1918. The great danger is that peace will be put off many years longer, perhaps till 1920. This danger springs from the even chance that Germany will recommence the U-boat war. I consider that absolutely unnecessary. Moreover, it would make the war a horrible thing. It is already the most absurd, mad thing that has ever happened in the world. A recommencement of this U-boat war would bring in Rumania, the United States, Holland, Denmark, and Norway. It would make us the most hated people on earth and would prolong the war indefinitely.

"There is an even chance the Tirpitz party will win out. The situation is this. Falkenhayn said to the Kaiser that he could crush the Russians, French, and English. Now the Kaiser sees that the battles on both fronts sweep first this way, then that way. Falkenhayn explains: "I would do it if the fleet gave me proper support."

"Tirpitz said his fleet was to crush England. It has not, and his answer is that he is forbidden his most effective weapon, the submarine.

"The people then ask: 'Why must we go on having

less to eat and sacrificing our children?' and the Conservatives answer them, that the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg are too weak to use our greatest weapon, the U-boat.

"With the opening of the Reichstag in the autumn, the fight will begin again. I do not think the Conservatives will win then, but early in the spring, after the people have suffered another winter, I fear that the submarine war party will be the stronger and the submarine war start again in the spring of 1917. The Chancellor will then resign, and perhaps Tirpitz, Falkenhayn, or Mackensen will take his place.

"The Emperor is on the fence. He favours first one party, then the other. The naval party will be strong next spring. We are finishing from four to five submarines a week, I know, as I make half the engines. They will then think the blockade may be made successful."

Billy asked if there was a chance of Austria coming into a Zollverein. Rathenau said there was a splendid chance, a short while ago, but the matter was so bungled that they do not expect it now for twenty years.

Rathenau organized German industry for war.

The one thing the German General Staff had neglected to do was to prepare Germany against such a blockade as the English are maintaining. Rathenau came to Von Falkenhayn three days after war was declared, with plans for an Industrial General Staff and for the conservation of raw materials. Falkenhayn immediately put the whole matter into Rathenau's hands.

Rathenau then demanded of the statistical bureau that they find out what raw materials were in the country. The bureau answered that it would take six months. Rathenau replied that they must furnish the information in half as many weeks. They did! This accomplished, the order was issued that manufacturers might use certain raw materials only for the production of articles to be used by the army. This obliged many manufacturers to cease turning out what they were in the habit of making, and to make quite a different thing. Thus the largest piano factory in Germany immediately took to making shells, and countless other factories were forced to institute quite as radical a change.

The last thing he said was, that Prince Bülow had no chance of again becoming Prime Minister.

July 18th.

The rains continue. In some sections of the country the peasants are paddling around their potato fields in boats, trying to save a portion of their crops. Our maid said yesterday, in tones of utter despair, that if the war went on much longer, there would be no men left, and if the rain continued, there would be no food left. Her brother, who is a farmer, said one more week of rain and things would be very bad.

Yesterday, when I was coming home, my tram was halted by a marching regiment. The band at its head was playing, each soldier wore a bunch of flowers in his belt, and by this token one knew they were bound for the front. Mixed in the ranks, and walking by the soldiers' sides, were many others. Young girls marching to the station with their brothers, sweethearts, or husbands; old men and women trudging by their sons until the last moment; little children holding their fathers' free hands, and wishing they might be big enough to carry the gun on his other shoulder. Four of the women in my tram began to sob. The men going out were not their men, or the women would have been there in the crowd

walking with them, but each of the women wore black. The men were not even of my people, but the hideous, tragic foolishness of the thing this swinging column symbolized, and the sorrow of the weeping women near me, brought the hot tears smarting to my eyes.

Mrs. Gerard told me yesterday, when I was there at tea, that one woman whom she knew had lost her five sons, and then, poor soul, died of a broken heart. It seems to me the German people are about ready to stop the war.

Lunched at Hillers with Herr Horstmann, the Duchesse d'Aremberg, and Count Pejacsevich. I believe the d'Arembergs date their family from before Adam, some time. The Duchesse d'Aremberg was *née* Princess de Ligne and one would suppose, from the combination, she would be rather anti-German in her sentiments. The Duc d'Aremberg, when the war broke out, held a commission in the German army, as his family is so international. Much to the disgust of the Belgians, who consider him a prince of their soil, d'Aremberg kept his commission, and marched with the invading army into his own country. Even the Germans thought he would ask for a post on the General Staff and, in this way, have an excuse not

actually to go to war. The Palais d'Aremberg, in Brussels, is now housing 200 wounded soldiers, whom the Duchesse told me to go and see. The Duke does not dare to show himself in Belgium, while the Duchesse only attempted to go back to her palace after a year and a half. All their superb art treasures they have taken from Brussels to their castle in Westphalia, so I shall, unfortunately, not see them. My lady herself is now *d'un certain âge*, with dyed yellow hair and painted eyelashes. Her pearls are beautiful, her rings extraordinary, and she wore a light blue silk hat with velvet streamers. I arrived at the restaurant first. Then the men cried: "Here comes the Duchess!" and this vision appeared. Her voice, like that of all French women, was a delight, but she has not the fascination of some of her countrywomen.

She gave me the address of some dressmakers, and a place where one may buy very delirious lingerie. The sample she showed me was a piece of Brussels point lace with a square of linen in the middle about a square inch in size. She called it a handkerchief and advised my buying some. I said the ones I used usually cost 12½ cents and had my name written on them in ink—so she hates me.

II

BELGIUM

Brussels, July 21st.

LEAVING Berlin on a night train is a hopeless nuisance in war time. There are almost no cabs, so one must order one hours ahead and, if it comes, as ours did, one must go and sit an eternity in the railroad station. There we met Excellenz Coates waiting, as he was destined to do for the next week, for the Bullitts to arrive. On Billy's attempting to tip the porter, Excellenz interrupted: "Excuse me," said he. "You are now the guests of the German Government," and the porter received a portion of his own good tax money back from the hands of its collector. I must say our surprise was great; we had not expected this. When one travels as the guest of the government, things are luxurious and easy. One goes first class and one is treated with marked respect, particularly if one has an Excellenz in uniform along; soldiers, who are everywhere, form into stiff lines of salute, and smile instead of scowl. I shall never cease

to be amused at the way in which a man is transformed upon the approach of an officer into a rigid, staring object, ferocious of eye and terrifying of aspect. I do not remember having seen American soldiers salute, but I am sure they are temperamentally incapable of any such performance as the German soldier automatically undertakes on the average of thirty times a minute.

After a night's journey, we got to Cologne. The station was swarming with men in *feldgrau*. Most of the uniforms were dirty and worn, and the men's boots were muddy up to their knees. They were eating at tables on the platforms, or squatting on the floor by their kit; companies were getting into trains, or standing about the waiting rooms. They looked healthy and sunburned. Where they had come from, and where they were going, one did not know, for the German army moves secretly and ceaselessly.

We saw the cathedral during our hour's wait. Soldiers were here, too, on their knees before some favourite saint, or stalking about with heads in the air looking at the great columns springing toward the roof. A severe gentleman in a red robe told us to sit down, and it delighted my soul to walk about with Coates and not do it. I have become so cowed during

my six weeks in Berlin that, if a German ragamuffin ordered me to move on, I should undoubtedly do it immediately.

Shortly after leaving Cologne, we got into Belgian territory. From the border to close upon Louvain one could not tell from the train that Belgium had ever been invaded, were it not for the German sentries by the railroad track, and the soldiers in the railroad stations. The country is covered with grain fields and vegetable gardens, all under strenuous cultivation. Many cattle are grazing and the villages look quite as in normal times. On approaching Louvain, one begins to see destroyed villages, burned chateaux, and half-demolished factories. Brussels itself, which we reached at three in the afternoon, is not touched, as it was surrendered peacefully. Soldiers of the moth-eaten Landsturm class spread themselves pretty successfully over the city, beginning with the entrance to the railroad station. Before one enters a train, a soldier examines one's passport, and then another takes the tickets. Before one leaves the station, passports must be shown again. There is an exit from the stations for "*Militär personen*," which we may go through when with Coates. I had become so courageous by the time we reached Brussels,

that I suggested our choosing the exit marked: "*Kein Ausgang*," as the fever to break rules was strong upon me, having been six weeks in Germany. This could not be managed, however.

At the Hotel Astoria we were given a bedroom, sitting-room, and bath, accompanied by a Belgian valet, who showed signs of joy when he learned we were Americans. He confided to me that his little girl had been lost since the beginning of the war, and that he had spent all the money which he had saved up for his old age in travelling around trying to find her.

"And after the war," he continued, sadly, "I shall have no money left to go to France and hunt for her there."

The Belgians are now perfectly well behaved under German rule. Any sign of disrespect is fined heavily. Belgian policemen salute German officers, Belgian storekeepers and restaurants have Germans as constant customers, but all social communication is entirely cut off; the line is drawn here absolutely and finally.

Americans are very popular. One has only to say, on entering a shop, that one comes from the U. S. A., and smiles greet one from behind counters like a sunrise. If we are with a German officer,

their attitude is quite different, polite, unsmiling, and cold, although the German officers treat them with perfect courtesy. Billy went into a little shop to buy chocolate the day we arrived. The Major and I stayed outside and looked in the window. The proprietress scowled, and handed over a cake of suchard. Suddenly her face was transformed. Billy had told her he was an American.

"*Oh, les Américains !*" she cried, "we are so grateful for everything that you have done for us!"

We went the afternoon of our arrival in Brussels to the press office, where we met Count Harrach and Baron Falkenhousen. Harrach is in charge of the press in Belgium. He is a man of the type it would be well to have many of in any country. We both like him immensely. By vocation, he is a sculptor, but he seems to have switched from marble busts to newspaper editing and press censoring with little trouble.

We dined at the *Epaule de Mouton:* Coates, Harrach, Billy, and I. Harrach told us of the entrance of the German army into Malines.

"I came in ahead in a military automobile," he said. "The town was deserted, and silent. Every citizen had fled. It was like some city in a fairy

tale. Shops open, wares displayed, homes looking quite normal, but not a soul anywhere. The silence was startling in its intensity. I drove straight to the church, where I knew there were two Rubens pictures. These I wished to take to some safe place, but they were gone; the Belgians had taken them out of their frames and hidden them or taken them with them in the flight.

"In a bookshop I entered was a row of red morocco volumes, which I wished very much to take as souvenirs, but I did not, as I thought the example would be bad for my troops, who were forbidden to take a thing under the threat of a heavy punishment.

"Malines was between the Belgian and German firing lines, so few shells fell on the town. We could hear them go whistling overhead with a long, sharp scream; shrapnel alone burst in white puffs above our heads and fell like hailstones in the streets. By keeping close to the walls, one was out of danger. But what I shall always carry vividly in mind was the fact that my chauffeur and I were the only souls in the large town of Malines until my troops came in a short while after."

Since Harrach described the city, we have been there ourselves. Now the people have come back and life

seems quite normal. There is very little destruction. An odd shell fell here and there and blew up the house in that spot. Across the *Place* from the cathedral, most of the destruction took place. Here, half a block is knocked to pieces. The windows of the cathedral are nearly all shattered as a result of the vibration. Some few shells came through the roof, or the walls, and the holes have since been filled up with brickwork. The main part of the building is not greatly damaged. It looks, however, a good deal pounded up, and artificially antiquated.

We wished very much to see Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, but were not allowed by the Major. Naturally, it would be rather contrary to German interests to have one of the most famous of Belgian patriots give us a few of his views on German occupation, so we understood perfectly their not wishing us to talk to him. The Germans told us quite frankly that they had not brought us here to talk to Belgians.

We dined, the evening of our trip to Malines, with Harrach, Falkenhousen, Doctor Rieth, Count and Countess Mengerson, Baron von Lancken, and several other men in the house now occupied by these men of the "press."

We were given a most excellent dinner and enjoyed ourselves immensely. The food in Belgium is still good and apparently plentiful. It seems like a land of luxury and ease compared with Germany.

I asked Count Mengerson to whom the house belonged, and he told me to a Belgian who detested the Germans immeasurably.

"We have made an inventory," said Von Lancken, "of everything in the house and shall replace anything which we break."

The next day a government motor called for us to take us on a tour of Brussels, under the guidance of the agreeable young man named Rieth, who had been at dinner the night before.

First, taking up what the Germans are doing for Belgium in the way of relieving the industrial situation, they showed us the *Spitzen Centrale*, or the central bureau for lace. The lace industry, in which fifty thousand Belgian women had been employed, was almost completely paralyzed by the outbreak of the war, all exports being stopped. Governor von Bissing is sincerely anxious that the Belgians be enabled to gain a livelihood and so, under the encouragement of the government, 10,000 women have again taken up the work. At first, they

were so suspicious they would not be employed by the Germans, nor would they trust them to sell their lace. Their wages now amount to two marks fifty a day, slightly more than they earned at lace making before the war. There is also a blouse shop, which the Germans conduct. The work from the lace Centrale and from the blouse workshops is sold almost exclusively to Germans, as it is run by Germans.

Then there are several cigar factories conducted by the government, and a large sack factory. This factory is a special pet of Von Bissing's. In the sack factory, 400 women are employed. They make mail sacks, and sand bags for the German army, 400,000 in all every day. Social insurance is carried on according to the German plans, and a day nursery is near by for the children of the workers—admirably run, as are all such German institutions. As we were watching the babies being fed by the nurses in charge, one of our officer guides said:

"Yes, these are the German barbarians who eat little children."

They refer very often, in a laughing way, to the reputation they have abroad, and in America. They laugh, but still I think it rankles a little.

The cigar factories are three in number, the products also going to the German army.

The Germans continue their benevolences in the shape of an industrial exhibition. A Frau von Huen, who had come from Germany to help run the thing, said to us, with amazing frankness:

"Yes; you know the Belgians were underbidding us in the markets of the world because they produce so cheaply. Their wages are low, and they spend far less than we in protective measures for the employees. Also their social insurance expenses are far below ours, as they only have accident insurance. We hope, by showing the Belgians the safety devices we use on machines, our model villages for employees in big factories, by explaining our system of insurance, with our many sanatoria and hospitals, that the Belgians will also demand them, and so raise the price of production in their country."

The German Red Cross does not do very extensive work in Belgium for the Belgians. It does help some in giving employment to women, sock knitting, and the making of some other simple things for the German army, and also the encouragement of the lace industry. One notices that, with the exception of the lace making, the other products of Belgian

labour, paid by Germany, go to the German army. There are, however, no Belgians making munitions, or cannon, or firearms, for their conquerors.

Most of the industry in the country is paralyzed and there are thousands out of work.

July 24th.

To describe thoroughly the relief work which the Belgians are doing for themselves, through the National Committee and through the American Committee for Relief in Belgium (the C. R. B.) would take a month; one would have to write a book on the subject and repeat what has been told many times of the splendid and thorough work of *ravitaillement* done through our American organization. The C.R.B. takes care of the food question in such a way that literally everyone in Belgium may eat, if not all he wants, at least enough to keep him from starving. That is their great work. The importation of food and its fate hang continually in the balance. England, in spite of all proofs and pledges to the contrary, is ever in an uneasy state of suspicion for fear some of the food may go to Germany or the German army. General von Bissing has pledged himself to see that the army of occupation is fed from his own country,

and also that no food imported by the C. R. B. goes over the border. This order is carried out in the incomparable manner of all German orders. Still the English continue to watch the operations of the C. R. B. and send in complaints with a regularity that bores the Committee not a little.

With the Germans, they also have their troubles. The C. R. B. wished cattle for northern France, which is devoid of all animal food. The cattle were bought and paid for in Holland. As they were about to come over the border, the German Government forbade it, saying: "Any extra cattle Holland has to sell come to us."

Most of the food the C. R. B. imports is sold, the profit going to more relief work. Their cry for funds is continual. I was amazed at the small proportion of money which has been given by Americans. The Belgians themselves give the most, the English give a considerable amount, and from France each month a mysterious check comes for 4,000,000 francs. There are only forty-five Americans working in Belgium for the C. R. B., and 25,000 Belgians on the National Committee.

Mr. Hoover, the head of the C. R. B., is considered by Belgium, and by the Committee, the greatest

American alive to-day, and they fully expect him to go home and move to the White House when the war is over. The Germans also think him a man worthy of the highest praise, and cannot believe that he did not hold some distinguished post in his own country before coming to the aid of another country which, but for his genius for organization, his tact, and his perseverance, would have starved and been without clothes.

The C. R. B. is in close coöperation with the Belgian National Committee. Everything the C. R. B. doesn't do, which is quite considerable, the National Committee attends to—pensions for all those out of work; soup kitchens, where a great bowl of nourishing soup is sold for almost nothing; the care of women for three months before a baby is born, and nine months after; and food stations for debilitated children from the ages of a week to seventeen years. The children are examined once a week by a doctor and the proper food prescribed for them. The food they get free. In Brussels, 22,000 children eat daily in the "Petites Abeilles," as they are called. As a result of the care given babies, infant mortality has fallen to 9.4 per 1,000—lower than it has ever been. (As Billy remarked, a Belgian baby has a better

chance of living than a child born in Philadelphia.) But the birth rate is everywhere lower than the death rate.

There is an increase in the number of tubercular children, and children with rickets, in spite of the work of the *Comité de Secours*. Fat is the scarcest article of food and tells immediately upon the health of the children. Helping to clothe the people is another branch of the *Comité de Secours*.

July 25th.

Went to Antwerp. We were met by an officer and a military motor, both of which were at our disposal for the day. The machine had tires and was not one of the consumptive kind to which civilians are condemned in Germany, neither did it have one of those insulting whistles that made the car, in which we drove around Brussels, a nightmare to those who ventured in its speed-limitless path.

Antwerp is practically intact. One bomb, dropped from a Zeppelin, blew up fifty houses. It was intended for the Government building, and struck only across a rather narrow street. The Zeppelin aim is rather better than one would wish for comfort. Perhaps a hundred more houses were destroyed at this

visit. The fighting went on around the forts, some miles from the city. The great weakness of all Belgian fortifications lay in their nearness to the cities they protected. Forts to-day must be ten miles from the town, and the Belgian forts were six miles or closer—some right on the cities themselves.

In Antwerp, one splinter of a shell came through the cathedral window and struck the centre of the frame where Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" had hung. By good fortune, the Belgians had taken the picture away at the beginning of the siege.

As for the city itself, it is marvellously quiet. The erstwhile busiest docks in Europe lie as still as the castle of Sleeping Beauty. The store-sheds are empty, except for a few which contain lumber owned by neutrals; the huge granaries are locked and deserted; the ships lie at anchor and grow crops of barnacles on their bottoms. On one pier are 800 dead motor cars, smashed by the people of Antwerp before the city surrendered. Grass has grown up in the dockyards and between the cobblestones on the roads about the wharves. Even the German guards stood stiff as corpses, in rigid salute, as we passed. The canal boats of the American Relief happened that day to be lying as stagnant as the rest. *In toto*, the effect was not enlivening.

This paralysis of commerce in Antwerp means great financial loss to Germany, as well as to Belgium. Most of the great fortunes of Antwerp are indeed German. It is ridiculous for the Belgians to speak of refusing to let Germany ship through Antwerp after the war, as the city lives on German shipping.

July 31st.

Louvain we saw from a joggly dog-cart, in company with the ever-present Coates and General Löwenfeld, ex-Military Governor of Berlin and aide-de-camp to the Kaiser. Coates, owing to our frenzied expeditions about Belgium, had added fifteen years to his sixty-two in the last few days. The unfortunate man had orders to accompany us everywhere, and the pursuit of his duty nearly killed him. I felt exactly as if I were back in Paris at school, and Billy chafed at the surveillance, but we were both amused.

Louvain is decidedly pounded up, but it is not horrible. Two years have made a difference in the disorderly work of the German cannon and incendiary department of their army. Only one fifth of the city was destroyed, but that fifth happened to contain most of the University, and the residential section where lived Louvain's best. The City Hall, of

extreme Gothic ornateness, stands untouched amid the ruins of the Library and surrounding buildings. The Cathedral lacks tower, the famous chimes, and much of the masonry, as well as interior decoration; rubbish lies in heaps on the stone floor, which is itself upheaved in spots. The old sexton, who showed us around, shook his white head mournfully.

Young Doctor Rieth told us he knew the officer well who directed the destruction of Louvain.

"He told me," said Rieth, "that he had no idea there was a library in the town; that if he had known, he would not have dreamed of burning it—he would have saved it as he saved the City Hall by blowing up the surrounding houses. The citizens did not speak to my friend about the Library until the building was too far gone to save."

I can imagine that the citizens of Louvain were, through horror and terror, in no condition to remind the German officer that he was destroying one of Europe's choicest possessions.

The German point of view on the destruction of Belgian property is: "If they had not resisted our men, we should have harmed nothing."

I repeatedly said that I thought it the most natural thing in the world for civilians to shoot at them out of

every window in the town, and asked them if they would not, as loyal Germans, have done quite the same if another nation had held a dress-parade in *feldgrau*, with loaded cannon and machine guns in their country.

All the deliberate damage, or frightfulness, in Belgium was done in three days, and the dates were August 24, 25, and 26. The German explanation is this: They could not have the repetition of civilian warfare which they met in France in 1870. That had been much too inconvenient to the German army. They decided, if resistance was made by the civil population in the shape of *franc-tireurs*, that the punishment would be swift and sure. It was. Von Bissing told Billy that the destruction of Louvain was really a very good thing for Brussels, as it taught the residents what would happen there if they started to annoy the German army! Not a stone in the city was touched, but one woman, of whom the world knows well, was. We have not mentioned Miss Cavell.

During our drive about Louvain we passed the building which held the stores of the C. R. B. The Stars and Stripes flew from the top window. I saw the flag and lifted Billy's hat from his head, as he was occupied watching something in another direction.

"There is our flag," I said pointedly to the General, with Billy's hat in my hand. Whereupon, the Kaiser's aide-de-camp, and Excellenz Coates, and the officer who was showing us about, saluted like gentlemen.

We bumped out over the cobblestones to one of the Aremberg castles. The dear Duchess seems to possess an unlimited number. The place was almost as romantic as Warwick, but all furniture was gone. There were endless little staircases and rooms. Billy rushed about looking for a secret door or passage. Everything was named; I was particularly taken with the *Corridor des Chats*.

Namur and Liége, which I had pictured as razed to the ground, are intact, except for a few houses. At Namur, the forts have been rebuilt, and the bridges, which the Belgians themselves blew up, are reconstructed.

At Namur the big hotel on the hill above the old French fort is now nothing but a shell. The Belgians directed their fire from it, and in five minutes the German guns knocked it down like a child's house of blocks. One can see from this height the battlefield on the opposite hill, where the Germans charged. We motored over there and found, in the middle of

ripe grain fields, a ruined château, the remains of a church, and the few farmhouses about. There are graves under the trees with small wooden crosses above them, and flowers planted. The trees in the wood about the château which had been splintered by cannon fire, had been cut down and taken away. Two springs since the fighting took place had healed the other trees. The holes in the ground were filled up and covered with grain. It was hard to believe so many men had fought and died here about the church and château, and in the treeless meadows.

While this fight was going on, the bulk of the German troops were marching into Namur, peacefully and unopposed, by the road along the Meuse, high gray cliffs shooting up from their right hand, and the river running on their left. Only a few kilometres over the hills, the unwitting Belgians struggled to protect their city. They shot down a beautiful old château of the Arembergs, in order better to direct their fire, and fought all through the woods back from her place up to the open field of which I spoke. Barbed-wire entanglements still remain as witness of the fighting in the forest.

We managed to see much of the country about Namur that day, as the soldier who drove our gray

government motor had learnt fearlessness in the trenches, as well as a certain recklessness and disregard of life that kept my heart in my mouth. We were followed by three more motors, filled with fat Swedish and Danish Socialists. If our car slowed up, we could see the others beating up the white dust on the limestone road behind us. Our chauffeur would as soon have been captured by the Russians as let them come up with us. Excellenz shook his head to think that the German Government now allowed socialists, and foreigners at that, to go touring through the country.

At Liége we again went bounding about in an automobile. Fort Loncin was the most interesting thing to see there, as the city is scarcely touched. The Germans attacked the fort from the middle of the city, firing Austrian 30.5-cm. guns from a central square. This news was rather a blow to us who had been told of the platforms of concrete for the guns, secretly built by the Germans before the war miles outside of the city. Fort Loncin was not prepared for an attack from the rear in this way. Their cannon could do everything but shoot backward. In the middle of the night, on August 14th, after seven days' siege, the fort blew up, and when this

volcanic explosion had quieted down to the last rolling pebble, there was silence. One of the shells had penetrated the 12-foot concrete covering of the fort and burrowed into the powder magazine. All those in and about the fort who had not been blown into flying drops of blood by the explosion, were stunned and senseless. General Leman was picked up unconscious three hours later by the Germans. The queer part is that the thing is scarcely more terrible than an Egyptian ruin is terrible with its gigantic fallen monoliths. A great cannon lies turned upon its back where it was thrown from the middle of the fort. It does not look uncomfortable. The wide gap made by the explosion is beginning to be covered with grass. One knows that four hundred Belgian soldiers still lie buried beneath the concrete boulders, but somehow the grass and the wild red poppies conceal from the imagination the horrors the inventions of man brought in those seven days of siege. Down one hole is a mouldering skeleton, scarcely visible in the dark and rust.

In the country, one motors for miles and sees nothing out of the common. Then, suddenly, there is a village with the inside of every house scooped out. The village two miles away is intact, then come scattered ruins and odd graves by the roadside.

As for Brussels itself, it seemed to us, who had been in Berlin for six weeks, a gay and cheerful place. That we saw no Belgians certainly did not detract from the impression, though I think they are, in spite of all, a gayer people than the Germans. In the park on Sunday, boys and girls were playing football and other games and shrieking with delight as they capered about. The children romped unsubdued on the grass, while dogs rushed up and down, barking with an abandon no German dog would have understood. Billy, Count Harrach, and I were out together for an afternoon in the woods. We stopped and laughed, thinking, as we watched the Belgians play, of how we in America had pictured them, starving and dejected.

But this spirit of fun does not conceal the bitterness the Belgians feel toward the war and the Germans. The knowledge that they are a conquered people makes them bitter, but never kills their hope. Their confidence that the English will soon be back to rescue them never dies. The waiters, the store people, the barber who washed my hair, all said: "In three months!" (They have said "three months" since the war began.) They think the English are gods and tell you stories of their bravery. A Belgian

friend of Philip Platt said that one day he watched from his window a single Englishman hidden behind bushes. The man had a pile of ammunition and a machine gun. He shot and shot and shot, and the Germans could not find him. When all his ammunition was gone, he sat on a stump and lit his briar pipe, smoked a while, and then crawled back and jumped into the river.

Another Belgian watched a handful of Englishmen behind a barricade of sand bags keep at bay a far superior number of Germans for twelve hours. When all their shells were fired, instead of surrendering, they started a cricket game and, in this way, played until all were down.

Upon Billy's appealing to Count Harrach, we were allowed to go to tea with the Whitlocks. Diplomatic life in Belgium to-day is one of the experiences it is no harm to omit. If the American Diplomats attempt to be tactful with Belgians about the Germans, and say that they really are a nice lot after all, Belgian doors close and hats are not lifted in the street. Yet if they refused to see Germans or avoided them they would shortly be requested to leave on the grounds of being anti-German. Tact and diplomacy have a hard life in Belgium now.

Mrs. Kellogg was refused admittance to the Petites Abeilles, as they said she had been there the day before with Germans. As it happened, I was the culprit, so things were smoothed over.

We also were allowed to lunch with the Kelloggs, unattended. They are delightful people, heart and soul in the C. R. B. Mr. Kellogg was much agitated over the effect the 1,000,000 marks fine would have upon American contributions.

"Every time the Belgians disobey rules and get fined," he said, "Americans stop sending money."

Philip Platt, who was also at lunch, had, as his chief worry that day, the knowledge that the three young Princesses de Ligne, who are ardently working for their country, were feeding the children in the Petites Abeilles so fast that they nearly choked them. The question which bothered him sorely was, who to get to tell the three noble ladies that their attentions would be more appreciated if they were less violent.

Berlin, August 2d.

Our last night in Brussels we dined with General von Bissing. The dinner, for some peculiar reason, was given for us.

At 7:30, the gray motor, painted in three places

with the German coat-of-arms a foot square, called for us.

Half an hour's run and we came to the park of the château of Trois Fontaines; a well-laid-out drive through big trees soon brought us to the square white château, with its broad stone steps leading up from either side of the terrace to the door. The hall was filled with officers. One very glorious looking person took me in charge and introduced each man to me. They clicked their booted heels together and kissed my hand. This audience over, the Governor appeared. He is seventy-two and looks sixty. His face is stern yet not unkind. On finding I spoke no German, he changed to careful, correct French, beginning with the not too original question:

"How do you like Belgium?"

I said I thought it was getting along very much better than I had had any idea of. He laughed and offered me his arm to go into dinner. Billy followed with Countess Mengerson.

Through the hall and front drawing room we marched into the white-panelled dining room, the parade of officers following. The servants behind our chairs were soldiers in *feldgrau*. I felt as if

one of them should stand in a corner and blow on a bugle the order to commence eating.

I had had instructions from every officer in Brussels to talk to the General about his sack factory and the industrial exhibit, and the Hospital of Saint-Giles, so I dived in without waiting to taste my soup. As a matter of fact, it was no effort to tell the Governor that they had all interested me hugely, for it was quite true. I highly approve of his giving the people work and no one could but admire the hospital.

"I have a great deal of sympathy for these people, who after all were not responsible for starting the war," said he.

"Are you going to let the cattle go to northern France?" I asked.

"No," said he.

"Are you the man from whom the order comes?"

"Yes, but I refused this afternoon to let the cattle go out of Belgium."

"Why?" I asked.

"They don't need them in France; they have enough to eat."

"But they have no animal food at all," I said. "No eggs, nor milk, nor meat." Mr. Kellogg had

said so and he knows what northern France has to eat as well as he knows the alphabet.

"No, I cannot," said the General.

I said no more as I was afraid I might get the C. R. B. into trouble through meddling in their affairs. I suppose Von Bissing was afraid to let even the 300 cows asked for go out, as a precedent once started might be hard to stop. The French are living on starvation rations now, or the minimum amount possible. Most of the grain crop in northern France will go to the Germans, as they have fertilized the ground, planted and gathered the crop themselves. They allow 100 gr. a day to each French person.

I said I was greatly interested to hear that he, Von Bissing, had made plans for feeding the Belgians from their own soil if the C. R. B. had to leave and if no other neutral country could carry on the work. England probably wouldn't trust the Dutch, and the Spaniards wouldn't have the business ability.

"Yes," said Von Bissing, "I am convinced it could be done. The people might not have enough to eat but they would not starve."

Perhaps this might be possible if the harvest were good, but the weather is a tricky friend.

Count Harrach sat on my other side. Much to my disgust, I had had to give my diary up to be censored in the afternoon. I asked Harrach if he had seen it.

"Yes," said he, severely. "And you have said a number of things about us which are not very pleasant." My heart sank—what had I said?

"I never meant to say anything nasty," I said humbly, "you have all been tremendously nice to us and we really do appreciate it. I said wonderful things about you, anyway, did you read that part?"

"No," he said crossly.

"I said you were one of the nicest men I'd ever met."

"That makes no difference. You wrote of Belgian atrocities by our soldiers. You said that the German officers stood on the piano of a Belgian minister with their shoes."

"I would have said the same of my brothers if they had done it," I insisted, still worried.

"Your brothers are not German officers. This is not what we gave you permission to come into Belgium for."

I said I would scratch out that part about the piano.

We argued for ages and I complained to Von Bissing and asked if I wasn't right, until finally I gathered that I was being unmercifully teased.

"In any case," Harrach finished, scathingly, "I will not forgive you because you are a suffragette!"

I asked Von Bissing if he approved of suffrage, and he said: "Never! It is something terrible for women."

"Madame thinks the German women do nothing but hunt their husbands' slippers and wait on them," Harrach explained, and he insisted that the only reason American women were for suffrage was because they never had more than two children so had too much time on their hands. I said my mother had six children, but I did not add that she took not the slightest interest in the vote.

After dinner we moved to one of the drawing rooms. The windows looked out on a stretch of lawn flanked on either side by high trees. At the end of the lawn was a pond, and beyond that were meadows and woods. On the right and left sides of the house were gardens and terraces.

Billy talked with Von Bissing the rest of the evening and I sat on a long lounge with Harrach, Von Lanken, Count Mengerson and Doctor Rieth.

"Thank heaven there are no princesses here," said I, "I can sit on the sofa. I don't see what right princesses have to a monopoly on comfortable furniture."

Von Bissing had the most wonderful cigarettes. Harrach said they came from the Kaiser. I wish I were a friend of the Kaiser. The German substitute for tobacco is vile.

At ten the motors were announced and we all said good-night. With clicking heels the officers bowed us out, the handsome aide-de-camp-en-chef politely seeing us into the car; we rolled out of the park past the lodge and the big iron gates, while the Governor's guard, in cream-coloured uniform, stood at salute.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Billy.

"Yes," said I, and with true regard for the important things in life, I added: "But I had on the most dreadful dress I own."

Harrach came back to the hotel with us and we talked till quite late.

The *Lusitania* was mentioned—dangerous topic!

"It was with joy we heard of its sinking," said Harrach, most humane of men.

"It was with horror we heard of it," said Billy.

"It was armed," said Harrach.

"It was not," said Billy.

"Help!" thought I.

Then they both looked at each other, burst out laughing, and agreed to change the subject.

The point of view of the Germans in Belgium is different from that of the Germans at home. In Germany, the opinion of statesmen and business men seems strongly against annexation or retaining any hold on Belgium. The contrast of the civil, as against the military opinion, shows when one talks to those now in charge in Belgium. The government in Belgium is, of course, strictly military, from stern old General Von Bissing down. Most of these men fought through the country they are now ruling and they feel differently about letting it slip away. The mildest say: "Well, in any case, it will not be as before the war." Others want a free Belgium, "but with some sort of supervision, you know. If she is given absolute freedom, she would only become England's pawn again." More want an indemnity, instead of paying one themselves, as they talk of in Berlin. The point is, they do not want to lose their hold on the country. Some would charge Belgium a heavier toll than she is paying now. The $8,000,000 a month covers only half the cost of

governing and maintaining an army in Belgium. The man in charge of Tournai said that 10,000,000 marks of German money came into Belgium over and above the 40,000,000 marks which were paid to Germany each month.

"No other country in the world would allow that," said he.

"We have destroyed about $400,000,000 worth of Belgian property," they say; but they do not count the losses to Belgium through the two years' paralysis of her industries, and the closing of her port.

What Billy said in his article, in regard to the German attitude toward the occupation and invasion of Belgium, as contrasted with outside opinion, I quote:

"The Germans consider their invasion of Belgium an ordinary act of war, and ask that their administration of Belgium should be considered as an administration of a conquered country—like the administration of Serbia. The Belgians and their friends consider the invasion of Belgium a crime; they consider the mere fact that there is a German administration in Belgium a continuing crime, and they do not care about considering whether the

administration is more or less decent, or more or less rotten. . . ."

"From the point of view of the administration of a conquered country, the Germans are giving Belgium a decent, efficient, stern government."

I asked an officer if there was any supervision of the schools by Germans.

"Unfortunately not," he answered. "We should have it, as the Belgian schoolmasters do anything but teach affection for the Germans. If we keep Belgium, we shall of course supervise the schools."

In July, on the national fête day of the Belgians, Cardinal Mercier said Mass in the Brussels Cathedral. Saint Gudule was crowded and still. Permission had been given for the singing of the Brabançonne. The Cardinal, who knew his people and the orders of the German Government, had sent word there was to be no demonstration. At the end of Mass, the great congregation took up their National Anthem. They sang it through and, at the end, the old Cardinal walked out among his priests and choir boys. His hands were folded like the pictures of a praying saint, his eyes looked straight before him, and tears streamed down his face. The people, perfectly well behaved till now, broke into cries of: "*Vive le Roi !*

Vive le Cardinal Mercier!" The old man is adored by his people. To show their affection, they disobeyed his orders, for which I doubt if he thanked them.

That evening, as his carriage drove through the streets to the station, the holiday crowd again took up the cry of "*Vive le Roi! Vive Monseigneur le Cardinal!*" A fine of a million marks was imposed for this celebration. The people knew they would be fined if they did this kind of thing, but evidently they thought it was worth the price.

At the end of a street, on which all but German soldiers are forbidden to go, is a statue symbolizing Belgium, free and independent. All day long the men of Brussels walked past the street, looked up toward the statue, and lifted their hats. The women bowed. Each passerby wore a piece of green ribbon, and the green meant "Hope." . . .

A year ago, on the national fête day, the Belgians closed their shops. This they were forbidden to do again under the penalty of a heavy fine. The shops were kept open but no wares were in the windows; the proprietor sat in his back room with his feet upon the mantel-piece and his back to the door, smoking a pipe.

Berlin, August 4th.

Every one congratulated us on our trip to Belgium; they say it is quite unique, particularly my having been allowed to go.

I went to the Embassy to-day to lunch. Billy lunched with Von Pritwitz. Every time Billy has a new idea about the war he gets a German and inflicts it on him. This idea is that Germany's idea of peace is on the plan of a thermometer. The height of the mercury denotes Germany's military success—the higher the mercury, the more Germany will say she absolutely must have. Freezing point is territorial integrity. As the mercury sinks below that, she pays indemnities to Belgium and France; lower still, gives back Alsace-Lorraine; then Schleswig-Holstein, her portion of Poland, and so on down through the reduction of her army and navy and the paring off of her territory.

Hindenburg has been given charge of the eastern front, proving that Austria must have been feeling rather dejected. He was in command almost two weeks before the news came out. It must be a great blow to Austrian pride.

I wonder if he will drive the Russians back a

second time. When Hindenburg won the battle of Tannenberg and drove the Russians out of East Prussia, he was executing in reality what he had lectured the military students about for twenty years. In his lecture course he had called it the "Battle of the Masurian Lakes," and none in the world knew so well what to do in just the situation which arose as did this retired general. He had been refused, at the beginning of the war, as too old, and was obliged to sit at home helpless, and read about the Russians swarming into his country. At this point, the Kaiser remembered Hindenburg. In the middle of the night orders arrived that the General in command of the eastern front had been deposed and Hindenburg put in his place. · A special train was waiting and Hindenburg started at two in the morning and worked out his plans as he sped toward the advancing Russian army. In three days the enemy was in retreat and Germany was saved. Is it a wonder the people call him: *Unser Hindenburg?* The story goes that the General who was in command sent word to the Kaiser that he must retreat behind the Oder. The Kaiser sent word back: "Retire behind the Oder, but without the army," and immediately sent for old Hindenburg. The

General never plays politics. A few years ago, when there was a general inspection of troops, they conducted a sham battle. General Von Moltke managed to get a very strong position; then the Kaiser, as a grand finale, led an immense cavalry charge down a plain and exposed his troops to fire from three sides. As a grand stand play, it was magnificent. Triumphant, the Kaiser rode up to General Hindenburg, the referee.

"How was that, General?" he demanded, proudly.

The General saluted.

"All dead but one, Sir," he said.

August 5th.

We saw Mr. Hoover and Doctor Kellogg at the Esplanade. Hoover corrected Billy's article on Belgium and was very complimentary. He told us his only orders from the English Government were: "Honesty in execution, efficiency in distribution." Considering the C. R. B. does the largest grain business in the world, and that only on sufferance of the British Government, this sounds rather liberal.

Hoover and Kellogg are here negotiating for 50,000 Dutch cows for northern France. England, in order to keep cattle out of Germany, buys half of all Dutch

exports. This is more than England wants, so she has agreed to let the C. R. B. have a share of the half. The consent of the German Government now has to be obtained. There is no reason why the Germans should not let the cattle go to northern France, as they could not get them for themselves, anyway. As Holland has almost as many cows as she has people, it will not break her heart to sell a few.

Mr. Hoover says the lower classes in Germany are getting 1,700 calories a day. The artisans in Belgium, who are out of work, are getting about the same—a very low rate, as 2,500 to 3,000 is normal.

August 5th.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* has been suppressed for several days as the result of printing quite the most sensible article on peace that has as yet been published. The author suggested, among other things, that annexation was rot and that some idea of permanent peace should come out of the war. I wonder what jail he is in! Isn't it wonderful how free the "press" is in Germany?

The rain has stopped and the harvest will be good, after all.

August 9th.

Stopped in to see Countess Götzen. She had just come up from lunch.

"Well," she began, "the waiter brought me a piece of beef to-day which I couldn't recognize the cut of for some time, and I've been a housekeeper for thirty years. I looked at it and I said to myself: 'Now this isn't the leg and it isn't the rib, and it isn't the shoulder.' Then I said: 'I know what it is, it's the tail! And what's more, it isn't a cow's tail—it's a horse's tail,' so I called the waiter. 'Now, waiter,' said I, 'I am not complaining, this is purely a matter of interest, but I want you to take this piece of meat to the chef and ask him if it is not a horse's tail.'

"In a few moments the man came back, red to the roots of his hair, and said: 'Madam, it is a horse's tail!'"

III

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

Berlin, August 11th.

BILLY has gone to the eastern front. I am most wifely depressed at having him away.

August 13th.

Had tea with Constance Minot and Countess Bernstorff the other day. Just now she is in a great state of nerves over the thought of going to America to join the Ambassador. She declared she knew the English had been lying in wait for her for two years and were going to be as disagreeable as possible.

"They will search everything I have, I know," said she. "They will wash my back with acid and they will rip the lining out of everything, and I shall never be fit to be seen again."

In vain Constance and I assured her that she would be treated with great respect. I told her we had had no trouble at all, and she said: "What did you do?" I answered that we made love to the English in-

spection officer and asked him to dinner, and asked her why she shouldn't do the same.

"I suppose that would be the best way," she answered. Another real grievance was that everyone had tried to give her things to bring to friends and relatives in America.

"One woman gave me a large box. I opened it and found a toy Zeppelin. Imagine if the English had found that in my trunk! They would have taken me off the boat and hanged me, surely!" she said, with a laugh.

August 15th.

Went to Herringsdorf on the one o'clock train Saturday with Lithgow Osborne and Christian Herter. The Ambassador was in Herringsdorf with Aileen and Lanier Winslow. Kind Mrs. Kirk had taken me all over Berlin in the morning to try and find me a bathing suit, but it was impossible to buy one without four different kinds of permission, and there was no time for that. I'm sure I don't see how any one ever gets clothes any more. It would take three days to buy a petticoat. Finally, I was reduced to borrowing a bathing suit, a tight one-piece affair, and Kirk's green bathrobe. We were met at the station by the others and escorted in state to the Kurhaus.

After dinner we went for a walk on the pier. I was with the Ambassador, who kept making his dry, humorous remarks about everyone. Soon a guard turned us back.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You are in Germany," replied Mr. Gerard. "Don't forget that. They wait until they find out that people like to do a thing, and then at once they forbid it."

"What I'd like best, Mr. Gerard," said I, "would be to hear you talk to the powers that be in Germany. It must be rather difficult for them to understand all your jokes."

"It is," he replied. "They can't make me out at all here."

He makes the most glorious remarks to every one. I heard that, apropos of the *Lusitania*, the Ambassador said to the Chancellor:

"Your argument about the *Lusitania* amounts to just this. If I were to write a note to your sister and say: 'If you go out on the Wilhelm Platz, I will shoot you!' and if she did go out on the Wilhelm Platz and I shot her—that would be her fault, wouldn't it?"

And one day when Zimmermann remarked:

"The United States couldn't go to war with us, because we have 500,000 trained Germans in the United States," the Ambassador replied: "You may have 500,000 trained Germans in the United States, but don't forget that we have 500,001 lamp-posts."

I left for Berlin the next day at 4:30. The others said I was a great idiot not to wait until Monday and go home with them, but I had a feeling Billy might get back earlier, so I left.

The next morning Billy got back. The trip to the front had been a great success. He went up in an aeroplane over the Russian lines and got shot at and had all sorts of a good time. He said the Austrian troops, except the Hungarian Hussars, were the saddest sight in the world—all old men and young boys, while the Germans were strong-looking, healthy men. The Germans call the Austrians *Bruderherz*, and while they are fond of them, and say they are very brave, they add: "They are now quite useless as an army." They said that several times the Russians have completely broken through the Austrian lines, but they were never clever enough to follow up the advantage. The Germans have a dreadful time to keep their allies from a continual retreat. Billy says the

Austrian and Hungarian officers are most lovable, and have no notion of what efficiency means. They build a dug-out that one could knock down with a base-ball bat, and plant flowers around any place in which they spend a night. They always have a great deal of music, good wine, and excellent food, and take war far more casually than do the Germans. The Germans told Billy that the Austrian troops had an annoying habit of picking up in the night and walking to the rear five or ten miles, without saying a word to any one. I should think it would be a trifle disquieting to wake up in the morning and find oneself holding a point with no one near.

The Russians almost never attack the German troops; they always make sure it's an Austrian division before advancing. An officer gave Billy a photograph, taken after a Russian attack on German trenches. One could not see the ground for the bodies of crumpled Russians. The most ghastly thing is that they must leave them where they fall on the ground or tangled in the barbed wire. When the Germans attempt to rescue them, they are shot at, so the men lie there screaming till they die. Then the horrible stench sickens the men in the nearest trenches. I suppose the Germans also shoot if

rescue is attempted, or the Russians would rescue their own men. A German spoke to Billy and said he didn't want any lunch; he'd just gotten several men out of their barbed wire—the poor wretches were in a sad state. They had hung there wounded for several days, and their gaping flesh crawled.

A German aviator told Billy that the Allies, since the July offensive, have command of the air on the western front. He said the English and American aviators were the most daring and fearless, and never hesitated to attack. All the reporters in Billy's party were taken up in aeroplanes. Billy's aviator was nice, but the others were irritated at having to take up passengers and did all sorts of dives and rapid circles, so the poor newspaper men were almost terrified into hysteria. Ackerman of the "United Press," after a swoop or two, spent the rest of his flight in the bottom of his machine with his head in his hands. He was quite green when he reached ground, so I don't imagine the observations he took would ever damage any one much.

The Russian prisoners said there were no French or Japanese officers at the front. If there were any, they advised from the background.

The only things left of Brest Litovsk are three

churches and a new rock-garden, flowers and "verboten" sign complete, built amid the ruins by the Germans. Warsaw is much the same as ever. Whoever spread the rumour that all children under seven years of age were dead in Poland, probably went through Warsaw in the night. The Jews to whom Billy spoke said they hated Germans, Poles, and Russians equally, but at least no one shied bricks at them under German rule.

War corresponding to-day must be a pleasant life. You go *de luxe* as the guests of the government; you are dined and wined by Generals, while a Hungarian orchestra outside the dug-out supplies a "potato cantata," or a "fugue to go with the beans." Dress parades and cavalry manœuvres are given for your benefit, and you have automobiles and wagons at your disposal. The only drawback is that, if you happen to say anything either uncommon or interesting in your story to the newspapers, it is cut out by the censor.

August 18th.

Billy and I saw Doctor Moll this morning about children and the birth rate. He is getting statistics for us on infant mortality and on the birth rate.

Infant mortality is lower than it has ever been, just as every one told me. The health of older children, owing to the care given them through private societies, is in some places better than formerly, and in no place worse. There is no increase in either rickets or tuberculosis. There was, in the beginning of the war, an increase in tuberculosis but this was immediately taken in hand. The birth rate in Berlin is down to about 11 per 1,000.

The care given mothers of small infants I have spoken of before, so won't repeat. Dr. Gertrude Bäumer, and others, told me that unmarried mothers and illegitimate children get the same allowance from the State as others, if it is proved that the father is a soldier. Doctor Moll said that there were so many private institutions for the care of mothers of illegitimate children, and for the children, that the State assistance was usually unnecessary. The illegitimacy rate is somewhat higher than before the war.

As to what would be done to increase the birth rate after the war, the Doctor was uncertain. He confirmed what Doctor Bäumer told me, and added that all families will be insured whether working in factories or not. They will thus all have free medical care when ill, and free attendance at childbirth for mothers.

This will be substituted for the free medical care now given to wives and children of soldiers.

The childless will probably not be allowed to will more than half their money—the other half will go to the State for the care of children. Doctor Moll went on to say that the laws of illegitimacy will not be radically changed. It will not be legalized. Inheritance laws will almost certainly be the same for illegitimate as for legitimate children. They believe the children must not be allowed to suffer; they must in every way have the same protection as others. To legalize illegitimacy would increase it greatly, and Moll says they still believe marriage the best status under which to rear young.

Moll said, as does everyone else, that they will try to bring the German women again to the occupation of *hausfrau*, and added that, to forbid her working for her living without offering her a home and husband as a substitute, would be unjust.

August 19th.

Deliver me from efficiency, and save me from the hand of mine enemy, the police! Peacefully and unobtrusively did we wish to travel to-morrow to

Vienna, and we discover that the simplest way in which it is to be done is to visit ten police bureaus and a consulate, in none of which does one do anything but wait for hours, and then get asked one's age! If they don't ask how old you are, they tell you you are in the wrong bureau. The right bureau is two miles away and there are no taxi-cabs. When you get to the right place, they tell you it closes in five minutes and that seventy-five people are ahead of you, so you must come the next day, only the next day is Sunday, so you have to wait till Monday as the police stations are closed.

Here is what we did this morning:

1. Police station, our district, where we have *gemeldet* eight times already. Told to go to Central Police Station.
2. Ten minutes' walk.
3. Twenty minutes in subway.
4. Four flights of stairs as high as the Statue of Liberty.
5. Room 363—that's wrong.
6. Go to 375—Policeman asks, in a growl, when we were born and then gives us two sheets of foolscap written in German script. We can't read it and he tells us to fill it out and get it

stamped by the police in the nearest station to our house.

7. Ride back in subway—no cabs anywhere.
8. Crowded police station. Wait.
9. Laborious filling out of blanks. Age asked twice.
10. Back in subway to Alexander Platz.
11. Four flights up.
12. Long wait at end of line.
13. Age asked and a check mark put at the end of filled out blanks. Order to go to room 365.
14. Room 365 sends you downstairs.
15. Man downstairs in room full of dossiers on people with name beginning with B; looks up dossier on Bullitt and asks age. Sends us up two flights.
16. Wait in large room, like a lecture-hall, full of people. Two policemen on platforms, writing, pay no attention to any one who looks in a hurry.
17. Old man, with stiff joints, dares to say he will die if he doesn't get to Vienna to-morrow. Police tell him to sit down and come again Monday.
18. Enter Swede, who says he has to go to Vienna

to-morrow. Policeman asks his age. Swede says: "What-the-Hell-d'you-wanta-know-that-for? I've told it nine times already to-day." Policeman says he may be a spy. Swede says he isn't, and that it's the damnedest system he ever saw anywhere. Rest of the room begins to look pleased. Policeman tells Swede to come again Monday.

19. We begin to wonder how long the people we have asked to lunch will wait for us.
20. All the policemen leave the room with everyone's papers and don't come back.
21. I say I'll never be polite to another one of them and that I don't care if I never get to Vienna.
22. Billy says he doesn't see why I don't think it's funny. I object to having my sense of humour questioned, and say I'm hungry.
23. We decide to leave. Go without papers or anything.
24. Policeman we meet says it's too late for passes that day, anyway.

Chris Herter, Lithgow Osborne, and Herr Horstmann were waiting at the Bristol for us. We poured out our woes and attempted to exagger-

ate, but couldn't. Herr Horstmann, being most sympathetic, said, if we'd write down an account, he'd send in a complaint from the Foreign Office. I have decided it is useless to try and be patient with a German policeman. It doesn't do any good, and swearing might relieve the feelings. He is too used to having the subdued public be polite to him; he doesn't notice it. If you make a noise and tell him he is a worthless idiot, he may think you are a superior officer and do something for you.

Billy saw Helfferich the Vice-Chancellor in the afternoon. Helfferich is not impressive to look at, but he is the cleverest man in the government, and one of the five men who run Germany. He said Germany could go on indefinitely as far as food was concerned, and that the harvest was from twenty-five to thirty per cent. better than last year. The country will be far better off this coming year for food, than last year. The bread rations will probably be increased and the cows, owing to better food, will produce more milk.

As to peace terms, he said that one of the first would be the abandonment of the economic war against Germany. He said he did not like to say much about indemnities, as it made their opponents

foam at the mouth to hear the word, but that, if Germany was in a military position to demand them, at the time peace was to be concluded, they should certainly take them. He went on to say that there were only two ways of getting the Germans out of the territory they now held—one was to drive them out; the other to buy them out. He said this war was too complicated for the Germans to be able to say what they wanted. He also said that they would insist upon England's agreeing to the unhindered passage of merchantmen in the time of war. It was, he said, not only necessary for Germany, but for all neutral nations as well, to insist upon such an agreement.

He said it was impossible now to say whether England and Germany could come together after the war. Lasting peace for Germany means to him primarily strong frontiers and a strong army and navy, and good alliances not an international conciliatory body with a sanction behind it.

We went to the Grews' in the evening. Quite a large party. We had expected to dance, but Count Zach, the Chancellor's son-in-law came, and Count Sehr-Thoss, so we couldn't. Both these gentlemen were depressed because they had just had news of the

death of a dear friend on the eastern front. I have spoken but little of the sorrow with which one is surrounded. Brave as these remarkable people are, the atmosphere is continually depressing.

Billy and I talked with Mr. Gerard principally. He said, among other things, that it was a great pity the United States didn't know more about Germany, and that the profound state of ignorance everyone was in at home was very dangerous—that it was impossible for newspaper men to get frank statements of facts back to America, since they were blocked by two censors, and that one of the best things to have was more newspaper men coming in for a few months at a time.

"I hope they will send you back again next spring," he said. He asked Billy if he'd seen Helfferich, and on B's saying "Yes," Mr. Gerard said he thought Helfferich had done almost more than any one else to maintain peace with the U. S. in forcing the abandonment of the U-boat war.

"Helfferich knows that if the United States comes into the war, the other neutral countries probably will also come in, and Helfferich refuses to answer for the state of German finances in such a case," Mr. Gerard added.

Vienna, August 23d.

Vienna, yes, but it certainly wasn't through any fault of the Berlin police that we got here. Our experiences on Saturday were nothing to what we went through when we "came again Monday." The Swede and the old man weren't there, but the room was full. We heard the policeman, writing at the table on the platform, saying: "*Bitte Platz nehmen ein augenblick*" to the guileless and unsuspecting public as we entered. How little did they know that, at this point, they should wait three days before any one took further notice of them. After twenty minutes, Billy walked to the platform to remind the policeman we were still there. He told us to wait a little longer, that the policeman who had our papers hadn't come in yet and the door of his room was locked. We had come at nine o'clock. At ten we asked again. "Yes, the man was here." At ten-thirty, another reminder. "*Der Herr ist zu ein Konferenz gegangen*," said the relentless one on the platform as he laboriously wrote the date on a card, preparatory to asking his next victim's age.

"What's the matter with the man?" said Billy, angrily. "Must we go and get another letter from the

Foreign Office in order that someone shall pay attention to us?'

"He's not a *Mensch!*" stormed the policeman. "He is *ein Herr!* He is a high official. Don't call him a *Mensch.*"

We retired, crushed, for another half hour. Someone came in and whispered that our papers were lost. The policeman, unmoved, turned to Billy and said he had orders not to give us our passes for three or four days.

"Who gave you that order?" asked Billy, calmly.

No answer.

"I should like to know your name, please," said Billy.

Again no answer.

We made for the nearest telephone in some heat. Doctor Rödiger, in the Foreign Office, who is certainly the most obliging man in Germany, fixed the matter up for us so that, in two hours and a half more, we had moved up to the last room. Here, three men and two stenographers wrote out three identical histories of each of us and pasted countless numbers of our photographs wherever there was room. This took three quarters of an hour. An American stenographer could have done all of it in ten minutes.

My ideas of German efficiency had received a mortal blow!

The Austrian Consulate received us long after closing hour and viséd our passes. Smilingly, they told us that everyone always came hours late. The air seemed twenty times lighter there and no one seemed to be taking life seriously.

We *meldet* off at our own police station and recalled with horror that we should have to do the whole thing over again when we leave for home.

The luggage examination when we entered Austria was of a superficiality that charmed our American souls. They scrambled through the trunks without making a mess; they ran their hands about the linings of our coats and hurriedly looked in the bottoms of our shoes, and still we conceived a great affection for them. When I heard a man say, as he rushed by a guard, that he hadn't time to show his ticket, I realized that Austria was nearer home than Prussia.

The Hotel Bristol, where we are staying in Vienna, is peopled with everything from the Wm. C. Bullitts to the Archduke Franz Salvator. In luxury, it is the last word. In our room you can telephone, turn on the lights, open the door, and ring for three different

varieties of servants from any spot in which you happen to be at the moment.

We called at the Embassy the morning we arrived and presented our letters of introduction from the Berlin Embassy. The Penfields were away, but Mr. Grant-Smith and Mr. Dolbeare were most cordial. Mr. Grant-Smith began by telling Billy that the Austrians were the most delightful people imaginable, and that no one ever was able to find out anything about them or the situation. He said the Embassy didn't know anything and nobody else did either. That sounded rather discouraging but we didn't despair. After that, everyone we met told us the same thing: "Delightful, charming, sympathetic people, but slow as caterpillars; it is impossible to hurry them."

We lunched with Grant-Smith and Dolbeare that day. Mr. Otto Bannard was also there. He is Inspector-General of the American Red Cross, and he was in a great state because it had taken him three weeks to get permission to go to Belgrade, and because the permission allowed him to stay just ten hours! They were all anxious to know what things were like in Berlin. We said you could get enough to eat if you paid for it; that the place was heavy and rather gloomy,

and that everything was so regulated you couldn't call your soul your own; that they were anxious for peace —quite sure they could never be beaten, and that they were showing splendid bravery and energy.

We drove that afternoon. When we got into the cab, the driver said it was forbidden to take a cab for sight-seeing but that he would take us to a café by a long circuit and there we could drink a glass of wine and come home by another circuit. His, not being a Prussian conscience, was quite satisfied by this evasion of the law. We made our detour rejoicing, our fondness for the Viennese increasing at every block. Vienna seemed so gay after Berlin, the women are pretty and well dressed, the soldiers salute and still retain a human expression, the pedestrians look as if they took a real interest in life, and we began to feel at home. It is a common saying, that the Austrians are pessimistic but gay, and the Germans optimistic but glum.

In the evening we dined with Green and Foster, of the Rockefeller Relief, and Doctor Ryan, one of the chiefs of the American Red Cross in Serbia. Ryan has had so many adventures that he wouldn't notice anything less than getting killed now. I asked him if he'd seen much typhus in Serbia.

"Yes," he said; "I had a hospital with two thousand patients in it, most of them typhus cases."

"Did your staff get the fever?" I queried next.

"Well, I was the only doctor," said he, "but six out of my twelve nurses got it."

"Were you inoculated?" I still continued, blithely.

"No," he answered. "I didn't need to be—I had typhus."

"Tell her about your trunk," said Foster.

"I was coming to Buda-Pesth," said Ryan obligingly, "and as I was operating all day, one of my nurses packed my things. I had a souvenir trunk. When I got to Pesth, the men dropped it on the platform and it blew up. The nurse must have packed a grenade in with the other things. It wounded three men and I was in an awful mess."

"Did they arrest you?" asked I.

"Sure," said Ryan. "Fined me 30,000 kronen, too, but they let me off, later. The men sued me for damages, too."

Buda-Pesth, August 28th.

Owing to my being seized with a fit of economy, we travelled down here second class. It was crowded and smoky and hot, and Billy was considerably

annoyed at being thus inconvenienced, but only said he thought he'd stand up in the corridor all the way, which of course made me feel like a horrid brute.

On arriving, we came to the Ritz, whose name is now changed to the "Duna-palota." Here we took rooms looking up the Danube and toward the great hills rising from the river. On one side of the river there are no mountains, and those on the other side stop abruptly a mile down the river. Opposite us is the palace, with its terraced slope some hundred feet above the Danube. The building is large and beautiful but it stands empty the year around, for neither King nor Archdukes will leave Austria to visit the other half of the kingdom, a slight the proud Hungarian deeply resents.

One does not have to be here very long to discover a decided bitterness toward Austria. They say that the Hungarian troops are always put in the front trenches and that the Hungarian losses are proportionately far greater than the Austrian losses. We find that here, as in Austria, there is no love for the Germans. They respect and admire them and trust them, but affection for them they have none. Of their fondness for France, they speak continually. They do not fight against her and they worry con-

tinually over whether the French will hate them after the war and not allow them to visit France.

We called on Mr. Coffin, the American Consul-General, that afternoon. He received us most cordially although we had no letter of introduction. As far as I could make out, he had the affairs of all the Allies to take care of.

We sent our letter from the Gerards to the Sigrays, and that night, after dinner, they met us in the foyer and introduced themselves. They were so very nice and it gave one a pleasant feeling to think there was someone in the town one knew.

The next day we lunched with them. Count Sigray was speaking about the interned English and French. He said one of the many inspectors came down to Vienna one day and asked to see the interned enemies.

"Sorry, sir," was the answer; "would you be so good as to come another day; to-day is a race day and they have all gone to the races, sir." That is the way the poor forlorn interned enemies are treated in Austria. In Hungary, the few English and French do not seem to be suffering much from confinement. Billy and I met two of them on Sunday morning on top of the highest mountain near Buda-Pesth.

An English voice and accent telling someone "to come along now, do hurry up"; and then a man in Harris tweeds stalked out of the woods. We decided that if we were going to be interned we'd choose Austria or Hungary.

Count Sigray applied many corrosive adjectives to the Italians.

"You know," he said, as if relating the final outrage, "we even have to have a special hospital for our men who have been bitten by Italians! They scratch and bite so in close combat, that it's something dreadful." Billy and I laughed and looked skeptical.

"That's true," Sigray protested. "They don't know how to use their fists. Our men don't, either, only they don't bite. I know a man who was riding around a hay-stack and an enemy soldier stuck his head up out of the hay. The Hungarian was so startled he couldn't think of anything to do but slap the man's face."

Later, Countess Sigray took me to the Gyula Apponyi's. Countess Apponyi is an American girl about my age. Her husband is the nephew of Count Albert Apponyi, who, with a few other men, runs Hungary.

I think the Hungarians are the most hospitable

people on earth except our Southerners. Count Apponyi immediately asked me what I wanted to see and said he'd show us everything. Then they said we must dine with them at the Park Club that night and go on a spree afterward. Billy met Mr. Drasche-Lazar, Tiza's secretary, that same afternoon and promised him to dine that night at the Park Club, so we all went together. It is a luxurious place, equipped with every possible comfort and furnished extravagantly with *objets d'art*, good and bad. Apponyi showed us all about and assured us the place was built for flirtations. Here all the balls are given in peace time.

"They used to be in private houses," said our host. "But everyone tried to give a more gorgeous ball than the last until no one could afford to give them at home any more."

We dined outside on the terrace near a fountain. The war seemed far away, and Berlin farther yet. Later, we went to a *café chantant* and to another little place on the same order, where they danced. I thought of how one had to shut the windows in Germany for fear of being seen dancing, and I was overjoyed to know I was sitting in a box in a Hungarian café, with four new friends who were merry and full

of laughter and carelessness. How much nearer the American temperament is to the Hungarian than to the Prussian!

The Hungarians have suffered enormously in this war; their losses have been cruel, but the lightness of their spirit is still there. It's a quality which makes one love them—this power of being able to laugh in the midst of sorrow.

August 28th.

Count Apponyi came this morning to take us to see hospitals. As I greeted him, he said:

"Well, it seems war is declared."

"No!" I cried, as my own country flashed into my mind.

"Yes, since nine o'clock last night, Rumania has been at war with us. When Italy declared war on Germany yesterday, I was sure it was coming. Even so, it is a shock when it happens."

Then Billy came down and was much excited to hear the news. When the Central Powers sent a warning to Rumania, Billy declared there would be war in two weeks. It's rather queer that there was war in *just* two weeks.

"There are our two allies, Italy and Rumania, now

fighting against us," said Apponyi. "One more or less, what does it matter! We are now completely surrounded. And the filthy way the swine declared war! They sent in their declaration on Sunday evening, when they knew the Foreign Office was closed. It's a wonder any one was there to open it. And at the moment the declaration was due to be delivered, the Rumanians started firing on our troops! It must have been impossible for hours to get word along our line that a new war had begun. Our men had strict orders not to fire under any conditions. It is simply too disgusting."

Billy and I hastily agreed that it was disgusting. One likes the Hungarians so much that a calamity to them seems a calamity to all.

"To think," Apponyi went on, "that only the day before yesterday, the King of Rumania told our Minister that he was sure neutral relations would be preserved! The declaration of war was written instead of telegraphed—it was in Vienna when the Rumanian King said that to our Minister."

Every Hungarian we met that day spoke only of the Rumanians as swine and dogs.

This makes the thirtieth declaration of war. Will the madness never stop?

The Hungarians say they will not let Transylvania go until every Hungarian is killed. I cannot see how the Allies will reconcile themselves to giving all Transylvania and Bukowina to Rumania if they are victorious, and yet we hear they have promised it to her. This business of bribing a nation to fall on another's back takes away what honour there ever was in war.

We went this morning to an invalid hospital, where soldiers who had lost an arm or a leg were learning to use their mechanical limbs. They formed in a long line and went through an obstacle race, only no one did any racing. It makes one's heart ache to see them. They smiled and even laughed as they tried to get around an obstacle with their steel legs. Then they formed in a ring and kicked a football, an excellent thing they say to teach them balance.

We went all through the place where they make the legs and arms. For each man they make a working leg and a Sunday leg. The working leg has a small wooden foot on the end about six inches long, jointless and rounded at both ends, like a rocker. The Sunday leg is very elaborate. It has a jointed foot, fitted into a shoe, the leg is rounded out with

leather and the man walks with scarcely a limp. For the false arms, there are hundreds of different devices, which the man can screw into place himself quite simply. These devices enable him to do nearly everything a real hand and arm can do. The outfits are given the men by the State. The Hungarian doctors have been so inventive in this that German doctors continually come down here to copy the newest instruments. As the Hungarians say, when a German praises, they may indeed believe they have done something. In the hospital for blind soldiers they are also teaching the men trades. They make carpets and brushes and baskets of all sorts. They learn how to typewrite, and to operate a telephone exchange. I was surprised to learn how few blind there were, only 240 Hungarians.

August 29th.

At ten-thirty this morning, the telephone rang. I went.

"This is Graf Apponyi," I heard.

"Oh, hello," said I, gaily. "How are you to-day?"

He said he had come to see Mr. Bullitt.

"What made you get up so early?" I asked, thinking it was one of the young Apponyis whom we knew.

Billy went to the telephone and came back, saying it was Count Albert Apponyi, and that he said he would come back in an hour.

"I'm going to get up at six-thirty every day now for fear the Prime Minister will also call before I'm dressed," declared Billy.

The telephone rang again.

"Good-morning," said a man's voice in a Hungarian accent.

"Good-morning," I answered amiably.

"Is that you, madame?" the voice went on.

"Well," I said, "I don't know whether it is or not."

"What?" asked the voice.

"I said I didn't know whether it was I or not. Who do you think it is? That makes some difference."

"Mrs. Bullitt," answered the Hungarian accent. "This is Mr. Lazar."

"Oh," I replied with no sign of recognition in my tones.

"I do not think you remember me," the gentleman said politely. "You dined with me at the Park Club the first night you came!"

"Oh, Mr. Drasche-Lazar!" I cried, at last growing a trifle more intelligent. Hungarian names are so

difficult, I always have to think about them before I recognize them. The upshot of the conversation was that Count Tisza would see Billy in a few days.

We went downstairs and found Mr. and Mrs. Cardeza. They are Americans from Philadelphia. Mr. Cardeza is Mr. Penfield's secretary, and Mrs. Cardeza is in the Red Cross. She has nursed at the Hungarian front ever since the war began and has done wonderful work. She has been decorated several times. Everyone says she is as tireless as she is fearless. Poland, she told me, was in a woeful state.

Count Albert Apponyi came in later. He is one of the finest people I ever met—tall, with gray hair and a gray beard and moustache, a lean figure, and a high-bred bony face; he looks rather like a very aristocratic Uncle Sam, and his manners are like Colonel Newcome's.

"I am not wanting in hospitality," said he. "I got home only last night or I should have come before."

After all, one does not expect one of the busiest men in Hungary to call on two young people of whom he never heard before, but the Hungarians are really the most polite people I ever saw.

Billy had an interesting talk with him. He takes

the entrance of Rumania into the war very seriously, but says it will spur the Hungarians to harder fighting. He thinks the "ungentlemanly" way in which Rumania attacked has stirred the people to real fury. Of Germany, he said: "One of the best things we have in this war is the realization that our great ally will stand by us with all his forces and be faithful to the death. And we two, Austria and Hungary, do not consider for one moment making a separate peace which would save our own skins but sacrifice our ally. Hungarians are not Italians or Rumanians. We do not break our word."

This is a thing one feels strongly in Hungary. They have a high sense of honour, and there are certain things which they agree it is better to die than do. The German point of view on such matters is rather different. For instance, this is part of a conversation Billy had with one of the most important officials in the German Government:

"Would you, in order to make a separate peace with Russia, promise her Constantinople?" asked Billy.

"We might," he answered.

"Would it not be rather hard to throw over the Turks?" Billy went on.

"No," said the German. "We would only have to publish full accounts of the Armenian massacres, and German public opinion would become so incensed against the Turks that we could drop them as allies."

Apponyi thinks Andrássy should replace Burian as joint foreign minister. Not to have an Ambassador in the United States, he declares to be absolutely wrong.

"President Wilson wants one and has offered to send a warship for him," said he.

Count Andrássy told Billy that Apponyi himself should be sent. Certainly America would be the gainer if this should be, and Austria-Hungary would be better represented than, to my knowledge, it has ever been.

Count Apponyi has fought all his life to have universal suffrage in Hungary, and he now says he believes Count Tisza, who has always been against it, will have to grant it to the men who have fought for Hungary. Apponyi says the Austrian Parliament should be allowed to sit—it hasn't been called since the war, and the responsibility for the Hungarian Parliament, as the only mouthpiece of the government, is too great. He also said they did not

want to annex Serbia, or to crush her independence, and that the Hungarians admired Serbia's spirit immensely. Of course, I'd like to know how greatly the independence of Serbia was being considered when Austria sent the note. The note was written by Count Tisza.

Hungary declares that Russia is her great enemy, and Count Apponyi doesn't understand why England should apparently contemplate allowing Russia to become larger still, since she has always considered Russia her ultimate enemy. He does not see any definite way in which a lasting peace may be made from the war, although he wishes greatly it might be. They speak of a "free Poland." It's rather hard to know what that means, but it probably means a free Russian Poland, with Austria-Hungary as overlord, or a free Russian Poland as a third part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy—that is, triality instead of dualism for the Empire.

August 30th.

Billy found our bathroom locked this morning, when his desires were centred on a shave. Splashings were heard within. Billy rang irately for the maid.

"Who is in my bath tub?" demanded he.

"The Prince," said the chambermaid.

"What Prince?" asked Bill.

"The Prince of Thurn und Taxis," answered she.

"Will you please throw him out of the bath tub?" asked Bill.

"I can't," said the maid.

Billy made a dive for his clothes.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I won't have a prince in my bath tub," said he; "I'm paying for it!"

"He got up earlier than you did," said I. "Be reasonable."

"Don't ask me to be reasonable," he answered, jamming his hat on his head and disappearing around the corridor. "It would spoil the effect of the scene I'm going to make."

In a few moments the management was to be heard mounting the stairs with hurried feet, and the Prince was ousted.

A party of us lunched on native dishes at a Hungarian restaurant. As a result, nearly everyone was ill but myself. The youngest Apponyi brother was there, back from the front, to attend the House of Lords. Mrs. Cardeza said he'd been on patrol work

all through the war, as he was such a wonderful marksman, having hunted all his life—now his game was Russians and Serbians. He uses a telescopic sight on his rifle and is said to be a dead shot.

September 2d.

Turkey and Bulgaria have declared war on Rumania. Of course it was the only decent thing for them to do. The refugees fron Transylvania are already pouring into Hungary, and the Rumanians are advancing fast. On Friday night, at dinner, Count Teleki, of the General Staff, told Billy that there were only eight thousand troops protecting the Rumanian border when Rumania declared war. Many here think that they will be able to drive this new enemy out in a few weeks; the chances of this seem slim now.

More hospitals with Apponyi this morning. I feel as if every man in Hungary lacked an arm or a leg, or had a bad body-wound somewhere. We went to the big nerve hospital, where 1,200 men were being cured of nerve wounds. The place is crowded. Three operations were going on in the same room at once. Men were sitting in rows in the corridors, waiting to be dressed; the massage rooms were full; the exercise-

rooms, with their queer machines for exercising fingers, arms, or wrists, backs, legs, or shoulders which have become stiff through wounds, were occupied by men doing their often painful daily tasks. In other rooms, X-ray treatment was being given, electric baths taken, wounds which would not heal exposed to the ultra-violet ray; past open doors anæsthetized men were wheeled silently. I never saw a hospital which appeared to be working at such speed.

We saw another hospital where nerve shock is treated. Men come in unwounded but shaking so they cannot stand. They are given a severe electric shock and are able to take up their beds and walk. These men can never go back to the front. At the sound of the first shell, they fall to pieces again. In still another hospital men with bad muscle wounds were taken. In connection with this are hot mineral baths, which the doctor told us had great restorative powers for stiff and helpless muscles.

After seeing all these wounded men, Billy and I would indeed have been depressed, if we had not gone also to the workshops in connection with the hospitals, where these men were learning trades. As long as a man has one arm, I believe there is little he cannot learn to do. Watch-makers, carpenters, sign-

painters, tailors, architects, builders, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, who had never done the like before, were industriously working away. The State takes it upon itself to see that the men get jobs. The teaching is, of course, quite free. Seventy per cent. of the men who make the orthopaedic shoes, the legs, and arms, and body-supports for the wounded men, are themselves invalids.

September 3d.

We went to a sitting of the House of Lords. About all I can intelligently say is that Hungarian is a musical language to listen to.

I was interested to see Count Tisza, the strongest man in Austria-Hungary to-day. It is common knowledge that Berchtold was only a tool of Tisza's, and that Burian, the present Foreign Minister, is another. The Minister President is of another type entirely from Count Apponyi—a closely built figure with a brusque manner of speech and little consideration or patience for the slow or stupid, he is a perfect example of the "strong man."

Tisza spoke on the entrance of Rumania into the war. He could make little excuse for the scarcity of troops on the Rumanian border. I imagine it was be-

cause they did not have the men, but of course Tisza could not say that in Parliament. A leading member of the opposition answered him, one of the many Count Széchenyi's. After that, no one listened to the speeches.

Hungarians seem to me at once the most democratic and the most snobbish of people. They shake hands with the cook and are on friendly terms with the coachman, yet the twenty-five or thirty families who rule Hungary object to any addition to the aristocracy, and resent an intrusion of the people upon their feudal rights. The Hungarian noblemen hate the Jews bitterly and say they are ruining every gentleman in Hungary.

They are delightfully high-handed. One man told me that he had been so late a few days before that he had had to keep the train waiting two hours for him. Another said he had been out hunting and, wishing to get home in a hurry, had built a fire in the middle of the railroad track, and stopped the express.

The internal affairs of Hungary are too involved to grasp in a short while. Only those who have spent a lifetime in the study of this conglomerate nation fully understand the difficulties of governing the many different peoples within their borders.

Billy has seen Count Tisza. The interview was startling but cannot be put down.

Vienna, September 5th.

We lunched at our Embassy to-day. Mr. Penfield is a most original character. Mrs. Penfield is always doing nice things for people, and they are both exceedingly hospitable.

We leave for Berlin the day after to-morrow. It will be queer to be under severe regulation again. If any one asks for a bread card here, one acts as if one were insulted and the waiter apologizes profusely and rushes to bring the bread. We asked them how they could afford to serve so much food, and they said: "Oh, we can't economize like the Germans. We will eat until there is no more food, and then we will stop, but we can't make ourselves miserable with thinking about it all the time."

Berlin, September 15th.

I have been reading Wells's book, "What Is Coming." Much of it is based on the idea that there will be a revolution in Germany, and that the Hohenzollerns will be forced to abdicate by an enraged populace and a republic established. Now, if

there is one thing there will *not* be in Germany, it is a revolution. It is the last country in which such a thing is likely to-day. The German people have seen many a war fought on their soil, without thinking a dynasty must be heaved out as a result of it. They have sacrificed their comfort, their riches, and their sons before this. In the Thirty Years' War, they saw their fifteen-year-old sons go out to fight, and they stayed in their homes doing what they could besides, to help their country. I think the outside world still believes the Germans will awake some day, and in wrath declare they have been made dupes by their Emperor and led into a war which he might have stopped had he wished.

In the first place, the outside world could not possibly convince the German people of anything their government denied, or did not wish them to believe. The German people know no better than the people of any other country exactly why this war is being fought but they think they know and they believe, with all the strength of unalterable conviction, that they were attacked by the whole European world. It would be quite as impossible to convince the Belgians that they were responsible for the war as it would be to convince the Germans, and to convince a

people that they were needlessly sacrificing themselves for a fictitious ideal would be the only way to rouse them to start a movement against their leaders.

In the second place, the German people will not try to overthrow the Hohenzollerns, for more than one reason. The Emperor is popular. The people like a king, and would have no use whatever for a president. They like the glamour of a court and a royal family, and would take no satisfaction in anything less imposing. But more important than the popularity of the Hohenzollerns is the fact that the Emperor is not the autocrat the world imagines him, and Germany knows it. Constitutionally great as is his power as head of the army and navy, and as King of Prussia, he is not omnipotent. The Emperor's personality is powerful, but so are the personalities of the other chiefs of the Empire—Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, Helfferich, Zimmermann, and Von Jagow. The Emperor cannot do just as he pleases with all of them any more than his grandfather could do just as he pleased with Bismarck. Added to this —which most of the world would not believe—the Emperor is considered by his people not in the least warlike; they think of him as a man to whom war is

disagreeable and far from desirable. But whatever his people and those who know him personally think him to be, the outside world (which does not know him) still imagines that, single-handed and alone, with aggressive nationalism on the brain, he led his unsuspecting people into a disgusting, dripping war. That sounds wild and writes up brilliantly in the newspapers, but it's stale, and unrefreshing as news, when one sees the Emperor actually has nothing like the power his enemies believe he has.

Another thing which Wells does not take into account is the amazing solidarity of the German people about the essential thing, of not allowing the Allies to win the war while they have an ounce of strength left to prevent it. There are different parties in Germany, certainly. There are the more or less violent ones who shout for annexation; there are the Tirpitzers, who blow about U-boats, and say: "Who cares if we get into a fight with America, anyway?" there are the saner ones, who want only territorial integrity, and to these the government seems to belong; there are the Socialists, who like Sudekum instead of starting a revolution, are loyally supporting the government. Liebknecht is in jail, Bernstein is old and mild and gentle, and it is a simple

matter to suppress his articles or forbid him the use of a hall in which to speak. Taking it all in all, the German people, not the leaders of the people, show a unity, a solidarity, and loyalty and strength of patriotism that it would be hard to surpass. Added to this, they have the habit, as have no other people, of *obeying*. Orders which would make a Frenchman or an Englishman or an American snort with rage, are carried out unquestioningly. I suppose this quality of obeying is one of the things people mean by "German Militarism." If the whole German army were to be abolished, I doubt if it would speedily change the nature of the people. If their qualities and inherent characteristics had not been what they are, they could not have developed their army into the efficient automaton it is. But then, I suppose, to discuss whether the German people as they are today are a result of an army, or an army the result of the people, is like the hen-or-the-egg problem. Without an army, they would still be the hardest workers, and the most thorough; their industrial life would still be as highly organized—their social legislation as efficient; reverence for the law would continue, and obedience to a superior still be the habit. It's in the blood for the whole nation to work as an

army; to abolish German militarism would be to put an end to the German nation, which is certainly not desirable.

Berlin, September 16th.

Flags were out a week ago for the first victory over the Rumanians. There is another reported to-night which seems to mean a far greater victory. That the English and French have made gains is only to be expected, as Hindenburg's policy, like Napoleon's, has all along been to whip the weaker enemy first, and hold the stronger with a weakened force. For the few miles he loses in the west, he will probably gain hundreds in the east—whither the great General Headquarters have been moved.

Many say the Chancellor will be far stronger now with Hindenburg as Chief of Staff. Falkenhayn and Bethmann-Hollweg worked badly together. They say Falkenhayn was self-seeking. None say so of Hindenburg. Hindenburg is honest, unassuming, a brilliant general, and a loyal supporter of the Chancellor. The separation of the military and the political authority of the Empire is certainly much less great as a result of Hindenburg's appointment.

September 17th.

Have to send my diary to-morrow to the Foreign Office to be censored, so I shall not be able to write any more. All our papers have to go ahead of us to Copenhagen by the courier from the Foreign Office. I do nothing but take things down there. We have volumes of pamphlets, all Billy's notes, books of statistics, etc.—not to mention my *magnum opus*. Yesterday I told Doctor Rödiger that, if he cut a word out of it, I should come back and finish him with an axe. He promised that it should not be touched. Poor man, we do give him so much trouble and he is so nice about it. As a final piece of impudence, I handed in what was left of the box of hair tonic we had recovered from the frontier. They are sending it! I think the German Foreign Office is most obliging.

Billy has just had a second long talk with Von Jagow. Food is getting scarcer. You are supposed to get only one egg a week. No more butter is served on the table, which makes breakfast rather dreary, and milk cannot be bought for children over six years old except by a doctor's prescription. The city is making plans for Municipal Kitchens on a large scale.

These last two weeks have produced nothing more exciting than a series of luncheons.

There were quite a number of people at lunch at the Embassy yesterday. Last Sunday there were only Mr. Horstmann, the Duke and Duchess of Croy, and ourselves. We were late and the Ambassador rebuked me severely. I got even with him for it yesterday, however.

Our very good friend Noeggerath came to say good-bye to us. We shall miss our twenty-four hour discussions with him.

Copenhagen, September 28th.

They behaved beautifully at the frontier. We found all our things here from the Foreign Office. It must have hurt the censor's feelings cruelly to let my diary by. He put crosses and exclamation points down all the margins. I wish I might have kept a really frank diary. Billy's notes were cut to ribbons, and he is in a rage. Fortunately, I have in this diary duplicates of a number of things he wants.

Billy has learned from the German Foreign Office itself that German officials received the Austro-Hungarian note to Serbia fourteen hours before it was presented in Belgrade This fact has been persistently denied by every German, official or unofficial, we have met. The Foreign Office says

it did not have time enough to decide what it must do to avert the consequences the note obviously would produce.

Must we have wars, then, because statesmen are unable to make up their minds between eight in the evening and ten the next morning?

Last night we went to a dinner which the Egans gave for Mr. and Mrs. Gerard. We thought it was going to be very small, with only one or two people besides the de Hagermann-Lindencrones and Mrs. Ripka, but the Swedish Minister and his wife were there, and Mrs. Morris, the wife of the American Minister in Stockholm, and the American attachés here, and Count Széchenyi and Prince Witgenstein, so it was quite a formal affair. All the rules of precedence were followed, Mme. de Hagermann going in first with Mr. Egan.

The complications of social life in neutral countries are great. I would not for anything be the servant who opens the door. If a French woman comes to tea and then one of the ladies belonging to the Central Powers comes, the man has to say his mistress is not at home. He has to know everyone and just what country they come from, for none of the enemy diplomats speak. A French woman and a German woman

did get mixed up yesterday at Mrs. Totten's at tea, but they were perfectly polite to each other. There are special days at the tennis club for the different countries. It's very amusing.

Now I have come to the end. I am going to America and that is the only thing in the world that matters to me to-day.

THE END

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